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Gibbons on Organized Labor

Eminent Cardinal Takes Broad View of Question of Capital and Labor.

Labor has it sacred rights as well as its dignity. Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes is their privilege to organize, or to form themselves into societies for their mutual protection or benefit. It is in accordance with natural right that those who have one common interest should unite together for its promotion, writes Cardinal Gibbons in the October Putnam's Monthly.

Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is today a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation, from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle is controlled by a corporation. When corporations thus combine it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny the workingmen the right to band together, because of the abuses incident to such combinations as to withhold the same right from capitalists, because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weaker rivals.

God forbid that the prerogatives which I am maintaining for the working classes should be construed as implying the slightest invasion of the rights and autonomy of employers. There should not, and need not, be any conflict between capital and labor, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends on the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and hands would be to the physical body.

Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions, by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of discontent is a benefactor to the community. With this sole end in view I venture to touch this delicate subject and if these lines contribute in some small measure to strengthen the bond of union between the enterprising men of capital and the sons of toil I shall be amply rewarded.

But if labor organizations have rights to be vindicated and grievances to be redressed, it is manifest that they have also sacred obligations to be fulfilled and dangers to guard against. As these societies are composed of members very formidable in numbers, varied in character, temperament and nationality, they are, in the nature of things, more unwieldy, more difficult to manage, more liable to disintegration than corporations of capitalists, and they have need of leaders possessed of great firmness, tact and superior executive ability, who will honestly aim at consulting the welfare of the society they represent, without infringing on the rights of their employers. They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues, who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends, or convert it into a political engine.

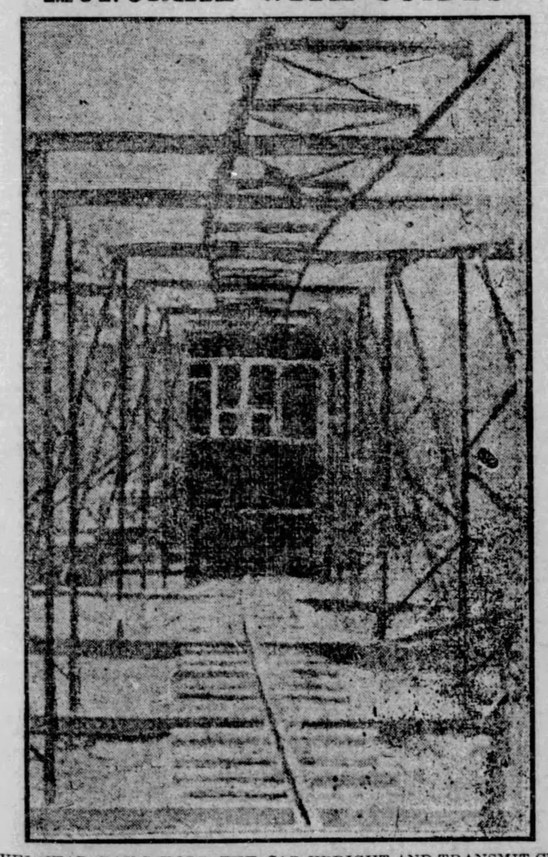
We must guard against any word or act that is contrary to the law. Every American citizen has the right to be protected in his efforts to earn an honest livelihood. No man or combination of men should have the power to prevent him from following his vocation even by intimidation, for he may have not only himself but a wife and children for whom to provide. It is my opinion that the honest laborer who is willing to do work which is proper and in no way conflicts with the interests of the community, should be given the opportunity to perform it and to have the same protection from the authorities which is extended to any peaceful citizen, no matter how powerful or influential may be the person or society which opposes him.

I take for granted that all unions and other societies of American laboring men are disposed to array themselves on the side of peace and order and are strongly opposed to the violations of the law as other citizens. Hence they should exert their influence to see that the laws are upheld, if they would maintain the respect with which they are regarded by their fellows. It is not only a question of patriotism, but of self-interest which deeply concerns them.

I am persuaded that the system of boycotting by which members of labor unions are instructed not to patronize certain obnoxious business houses, is not only disapproved by an impartial public sentiment, but that it does not commend itself to the more thoughtful and conservative portion of the guilds themselves. Every man is free indeed to select the establishment with which he wishes to deal, and in purchasing from one in preference to another he is not violating justice. But the case is altered when, by a mandate of the society, he is debarred from buying from a particular firm. Such a prohibition assails the liberty of the purchaser and the rights of the seller, and is an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privilege guaranteed by the government to business concerns. If such a social ostracism were generally in vogue, a process of retaliation would naturally follow, the current of mercantile intercourse would be checked, every center of population would be divided into hostile camps, and the good footing which ought to prevail in every community would be seriously impaired. "Live and let live" is a wide maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and Christian charity.

Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic and, at best, a very questionable remedy for the redress of the laborers' grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions, and lead to a destruction of property; and, above all, they result in inflicting grievous injury upon the laborer himself, by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which time his mind is clouded by discontent while brooding over his situation and his family not infrequently suffer from the want of the necessaries of life. The loss inflicted by strikes on the employers is not much more than half as great as that which is sustained by the employed, who can much less afford to bear it. It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace, and of the laboring classes, if the policy of arbitration which is now gaining favor for the settlement of international quarrels, were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method; for, while strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive. The result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of the argument.

MONORAIL WITH GUIDES



OVERHEAD RAILS HOLD THE CAR UPRIGHT AND TRANSMIT CURRENT TO THE MOTORS.

One of the new things exhibited at the Jamestown exposition is the monorail, illustrated above. An ordinary T rail is laid on short ties. On this runs the electric car, 47 feet long, 6 feet wide, and is carried on two trucks, each having two double flanged wheels in tandem. A light steel structure carries the overhead guides, made of L-shaped steel rails, 30 inches apart. The guide rails serve to hold the car upright, and also transmit the current for the motors. The line is half a mile long. A speed of from 50 to 100 miles an hour is expected.—Popular Mechanics.

FOREST PLANTING.

A few figures readily show the value of forest planting from a commercial standpoint. In Pawnee county, Nebraska, a sixteen-year old catalpa plantation gave a net return of $152.17 per acre at the time the plantation was cut, or an annual profit of $6.24 per acre. A ten-year old plantation of the same species in Kansas showed a net value of $197.55 per acre. Still another plantation in Nebraska gave a net income of $170.50 per acre when fourteen years old, which amounts to an anual income of $8.69 per acre. Osage orange has been known to produce as higiv as 2,040 first-class posts and 2,272 second-class posts per acre. Land producing such a forest as this could hardly be put to a better use, since timber is the easiest of all crops to raise and will never go begging for a market. It does not take a lifetime to get results. Catalpa often reaches a post size in from eight to ten years. Eucalyptus makes a heavy yield of fuel in seven years, and the crop should nearly always be cut before ten years. From the manner in which our natural timber has been cut it is clear that each region will have to be made as nearly self-supporting in timber growth as possible. The lesson of the past is that the right forest trees grown in the right way will bring a big profit.—Rural World.

HER AGE.

The late Senator Platt, of Connecticut, enjoyed funny stories and could tell a good many himself. Notwithstanding his long public life he always remembered a yarn that he carried from his school days.

One year when the district schools opened in his town one of the teachers, in making a record of the ages of her pupils, as required by law, found that one little girl, who came from a family not noted for being especially bright, was unable to say when her birthday came.

So, in order to complete her records, the teacher walked two miles to see the girl's mother one afternoon after school. Asked if she could remember just when her daughter was born the woman thought for some little time, and then with a sort of puzzled look, said:

"Well, the gal was born in 'tater time, that's sure, but I can't 'member whether they was a-plantin' on 'em or a-diggin' on 'em.—Boston Herald.

THEY DIED TOO SOON.

George Washington, I've heard it said,
Was honored in his day—
The dad of this expanding land—
And fine things flocked his way.
He had, I'm always glad to note,
A large amount of fame—
But he never was
A rooter at
A baseball game.

Napoleon B., that bully boy,
Had satisfaction baled,
For when he went to jug a gent
He very seldom failed.
Till he was bumped at Waterloo
He hoarded fame and fun—
But he never strained
His vocals when
The home team won.

J. Caesar had, the books declare,
His share of frenzied sport;
He always held the ace and king,
The ten spot and the fort.
And, goodness knows, he killed his foes
Regardless of the cost—
He threw some fits,
But never when
The home team lost.

And Alexander stacked the cards,
Thus taking every trick,
And then he leaked a pail of tears
For other worlds to lick.
Thus Alex climbed about as high
As climbers often get—
But he never
Pawned his scepter
To pay a baseball bet.
—Nashville American.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

A Prohibition Wave Over the South Making It "Dry."

John Corrigan in Review of Reviews.

Georgia's adoption of state prohibition by legislative enactment directs national atention to the marvelous progress of this idea in the southern states.

In the north, except in Indiana, Ohio and southern Illinois, the prohibition sentiment is moribund, if not dead; but in the south is sweeping onward with relentless and irresistible force, gaining new converts and increasing in power every year.

Seven-eighths of the territory of the southern states is today "dry," and it is believed that a majority of the population favors national prohibition. The Anti-Saloon league is well organized in most of the states, and is pursuing a quiet, determined, relentless opposition to the liquor business.

Today there are fewer saloons in the thirteen southern states than in Greater New York, and only a few more than in the city of Chicago. In New York there are 30,000 places where liquor is sold, in Chicago 28,000, and in the entire south only 29,000. In New York state the estimated population in 1905 was 8,160,000, and the government issued in the state that year 34,080 "special tax stamps" to persons desiring to engage in the manufacture and sale of liquor. The thirteen southern states, with 23,500,000 people, secured in 1906 less than 30,000 stamps.

President Marion E. Tyler, of the national liquor dealers' convention, held in June at Atlantic City, in calling attention to the assaults made by Prohibitionists on the liquor business, especially in the south, said: "Our only recourse now is to save our business. Unless we work with energy and determination to stop this tidal wave, every state in the south will be closed against us."

Measures designed to restrict or absolutely prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages have been introduced since the first of the year in the legislatures of half a dozen southern states, and in almost every instance have resulted in new victories for the prohibition cause.

THE KAISER AS A HUSTLER

Was there ever a greater contrast between two monarchs than the king and kaiser, and yet they are so nearly related? The one is the model of a constitutional sovereign, and the other an autocrat; Edward VII. is one of the most aristocratic of beings, and the Kaiser the most democratic. The emperor is the hardest worked official in Germany. Like good old King Alfred, he has his "time table," and his day is mapped out with a minuteness which would shame any ordinary mortal. His only recreation when on duty is a frantic motor car ride from the Schloss through the Thiergarten and back by the Unter den Linden. The time when he reaches Berlin's great thoroughfare is known to the minute. A discreet line of admirers silently lift their hats, the traffic sidles to the left, and the imperial car rushes by to enable his majesty to resume work and keep his next appointment after his half hour in the fresh air.

With all his faults, and no doubt he has many, there is something almost touching in this man's hard-working devotion to his country's welfare. There is hardly a state document that he does not conscientiously read from beginning to end, and, in fact, a special copy is made for his benefit, with a broad margin for the imperial comments. This nervous and vigorous emperor has an occupation for every spare moment, when he will either eke out an audience or send for some official or minister to clear up a certain point, or dictate to his secretary a memorandum or something which has suddenly occurred to him—in short, not one moment of the emperor's long working day is lost.—The Bystander.

PROGRESS.

The gradual development of the strike to the stage where there is something to arbitrate is encouraging anyhow.—Indianapolis News.

THE MYSTERY

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
and SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

X.

Change of Masters.

The next day we continued our explorations by land, and so for a week after that. I thought it best not to relinquish all authority, so I organized regular expeditions, and ordered their direction. The men did not object. It it was all good enough fun to them.

The net results were that we found a nesting place of sea birds—too late in the season for eggs; a hot spring near enough camp to be useful; and that was about all. The sheep were the only animals on the island, although there were several sorts of birds. In veneral, the country was as I have described it—either volcanic or overlaid with fertile earth. In any case it was canon and hill. We soon grew tired of climbing and turned our attention to the sea.

With the surf boat we skirted the coast: It was impregnable except in three places—our own beach; that near the seal rookery, and on the south side of the island. We landed at each one of these places. But returning close to the coast we happened upon a cave mouth more or less guarded by an outlying rock.

The day was calm, so we ventured in. At first I thought it merely a gorge in the rock, but even while peering for the end wall we slipped under the archway and found ourselves in a vast room.

Our eyes were dazzled, so we could make out little at first. But through the still, clear water the light filtered freely from below, showing the bottom as through a sea glass. We saw the fish near the entrance, and coral and sea growths of marvellous vividness. They waved slowly as in a draught of air. The medium in which they floated was absolutely invisible, for, of course, there were no reflections from its surface. We seemed to be suspended in mid-air, and only when the dipping oars made rings could we realize that anything sustained us.

Suddenly the place let loose in pandemonium. The most fiendish cries, groans, shrieks, broke out, confusing themselves so thoroughly with their own echoes that the volume of sound was continuous. Heavy splashes shook the water. The boat rocked. The invisible surface was broken into facets.

We shrank, terrified. From all about us glowed hundreds of eyes like coals of fire—on a level with us, above us, almost over our heads. Two by two the coals were extinguished.

Below us the bottom was clouded with black figures, darting rapidly like a school of minnows beneath a boat. They darkened the coral and the sands and the glistening sea growths just as a cloud temporarily darkens the landscape—only the occultations and brightenings succeeded each other much more swiftly.

We stared stupefied, our thinking power blurred by the incessant whirl of motion and noise.

Suddenly Thrackles laughed aloud.

"Seals!" he shouted through his trumpeted hands.

Our eyes were expanding to the twilight. We could make out the arch of the room, its shelves, and hollows and niches. Lying on them we could discern the seals, hundreds and hundreds of them, all staring at us, all barking and bellowing. As we approached, they scrambled from their elevations, and, diving to the bottom, scurried to the entrance of the cave.

We lay on our oars for ten minutes. Then silence fell. There persisted a tiny drip, drip, drip from some point in the darkness. It merely accentuated the hush. Suddenly, from far in the interior of the hill, there came a long, hollow boo-o-om! It reverberated, roaring. The surge that had lifted our boat some minutes before thus reached its journey's end.

The chamber was very lofty. As we rowed cautiously in, it lost nothing of its height, but something in width. It was marvelously colored, like all the volcanic rocks of this island. In addition some chemical drip had thrown across its vividness long gauzy streamers of white. We rowed in as far as the faintest daylight lasted us. The occasional reverberating boom of the surges seemed as distant as ever.

This was beyond the seal rookery on the beach. Below it we entered an open cleft of some size to another squarer cave. It was now high tide; the water extended a scant ten fathoms to end on an interior shale beach. The cave was a perfectly straight passage, following the line of the cleft. How far in it reached we could not determine, for it, too, was full of seals, and after we had driven them back a hundred feet or so their fiery eyes seared us out. We did not care to put them at bay.

The next day I rowed out to the Laughing Lass and got a rifle. I found the captain asleep in his bunk, and did not disturb him. Perdosa and I, with infinite pain, tracked and stalked the sheep, of which I killed one. We found the mutton excellent. The hunting was difficult, and the quarry, as time went on, more and more suspicious, but henceforward we did not lack for fresh meat. Furthermore we soon discovered that fine trolling was to be had outside the reef. We rigged a sail for the extra dory, and spent much of our time at the sport. I do not know the names of the fish. They were very gamy indeed, and ran from five to an indeterminate number of pounds in weight. Above fifty pounds our light tackle parted, so we had no means of knowing how large they may have been.

Thus we spent very pleasantly the greater part of two weeks. At the end of that time I made up my mind that it would be just as well to get back to business. Accordingly I called Perdosa and directed him to sort and clear of rust the salvaged chain cable. He refused flatly. I took a step toward him. He drew his knife and backed away.

"Perdosa," said I firmly, "put up that knife."

"No," said he.

"I pulled the saw-barrelled Colt's 45 and raised it slowly to a fevel with his breast.

"Perdosa," I repeated, "drop that knife."

The crisis had come, but my resolution was fully prepared for it. I should not have cared greatly if I had had to shoot the man—as I certainly should have done had he disobeyed. There would then have been one less to deal with in the final accounting, which strangely enough I now for a moment never doubted would come. I had not before aimed at a man's life, so you can see to what tensity the baffling mystery had strung me.

Perdosa hesitated a fraction of an instant. I really think he might have chanced it, but Handy Solomon, who had been watching me closely, growled at him.

"Drop it, you fool!" he said.

Perdosa let fall the knife.

"Now, get at that cable," I commanded, still at white heat. I stood over him until he was well at work, then turned back to set tasks for the other men. Handy Solomon met me half way.

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Eagen," said he, "I want a word with you."

"I have nothing to say to you," I snapped, still excited.

"It ain't reasonable not to hear a man's say," he advised in his most conciliatory manner, "I'm talking for all of us."

He paused a moment, took my silence for consent, and went ahead.

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Eagen," said he, "we ain't going to do any more useless work. There ain't no laziness about us, but we ain't going to be busy at nothing. All the camp work and the haulin' and cuttin' and cleanin' and the rest of it, we'll do gladly. But we ain't going' to pound any more cable, and you can kiss the Book on that."

"You mean to mutiny?" I asked.

He made a deprecatory gesture.

"Put us aboard ship, sir, and let us hear the Old Man give his orders, and you'll find no mutiny in us. But here ashore it's different. Did the Old Man give orders to pound the cable?"

"I represent the captain," I stammered.

He caught the evasion. "I thought so. Well, if you got any kick on us, please sir, get the Old Man. If he says to our face, pound cable, why pound cable it is. Ain't that right, boys?"

They murmured something. Perdosa deliberately dropped his hammer and joined the group. My hand strayed again toward the sawed-off Colt's 45.

"I wouldn't do that," said Handy Solomon, almost kindly. "You couldn't kill us all. And w'at good would it do? I asks you that. I can cut down a chicken with my knife at twenty feet. You must surely see, sir, that I could have killed you too easy while you were covering Pancho there. This ain't got to be a war, Mr. Eagen, just because we don't want to work without any sense to it."

There was more of the same sort. I had plenty of time to see my dilemma. Either I would have to abandon my attempt to keep the men busy, or I could have to invoke the authority of Captain Selover. To do the latter would be to destroy it. The master had become a stuffed figure, a bogie with which to frighten, an empty bladder that a prick would collapse. With what grace I could muster, I had to give in.

"You must have it your own way, I suppose," I snapped.

Thrackles grinned, and Pulz started to say something, but Handy Solomon, with a peremptory gesture, and a black scowl, stopped him short.

"Now that's what I calls right proper and handsome!" he cried admiringly. "We reely had no right to expect that, boys, as seamen, from our first officer! You can kiss the Book on it, that very few crews have such kind masters. Mr. Eagen has the right, and we signed to it all straight, to work us as he pleases; and w'at does he do? Why, he up and gives us a week shore leave, and then he gives us light watches, and all the time our pay goes on just the same. Now that's w'at I calls right proper and handsome conduct, or the devil's a preacher, and I ventures with all respect to propose three cheers for Mr. Eagen."

They gave them, grinning broadly. The villain stood looking at me, a sardonic gleam in the back of his eye. Then he gave a little hitch to his red head covering, and sauntered away humming between his teeth. I stood watching him, choked with rage and indecision. The humming broke into words.

"'Oh, quarter, oh, quarter!' the jolly pirates cried.
Blow high, blow low! What care we?
But the quarter that we gave them was
to sink them in the sea,
Down on the coast of the high Barbaree-e-e."

"Here, you swab," he cried to Thrackles, "and you, Phancho! get some wood, lively! And Pulz, bring us a pail of water. Doctor, let's have duff to celebrate on."

The men fell to work with alacrity.

IX.

The Corrosive.

That evening I smoked in a splendid isolation while the men whispered apart. I had nothing to do but smoke, and to chew my cud, which was bitter. There could be no doubt, however I may have saved my face, that command had been taken from me by that rascal, Handy Solomon. I was in two minds as to whether or not I should attempt to warn Darrow or the doctor. Yet what could I say? and against whom should I warn them? The men had grumbled, as men always do grumble in idleness, and perhaps talked a little wildly; but that was nothing.

The only indisputable fact I could adduce was that I had allowed my authority to slip through my fingers. And adequately to excuse that, I should have to confess that I was a writer and no handler of men.

I abandoned the unpleasant train of thought with a snort of disgust, but it had led me to another. In the joy and uncertainty of living I had practically lost sight of the reason for my coming. With me it had always been more the adventure than the story; my writing was a by-product, a utilization of what life offered me. I had set sail possessed by the sole idea of ferreting out Dr. Schermerhorn's investigations, but the gradual development of affairs had ended by absorbing my every faculty. Now, cast into an eddy by my change of fortunes, the original idea regained its force. I was out of the active government of affairs, with leisure on my hands, and my thoughts naturally turned with curiosity again to the laboratory in the valley.

Darrow's "devil fires" were again painting the sky. I had noticed them from time to time, always with increasing wonder. The men accepted them as easily as only one of the unexplained phenomena of a sailor's experience, but I had not as yet hit on a hypothesis that suited me. They were not allied to the aurora; they differed radically from the ordinary volcanic emanations; and scarcely resembled any electrical displays I had ever seen. The night was cool; the stars bright; I resolved to investigate.

Without further delay I arose to my feet and set off into the darkness. Immediately one of the group detached himself from the fire and joined me.

"Going for a little walk, sir?" asked Handy Solomon sweetly. "That's quite right and proper. Nothin' like a little walk to get you fit and right for your bunk."

He held close to my elbow. We got just as far as the stockade in the bed of the arroyo. The lights we could make out now across the zenith but owing to the precipitance of the cliffs, and the rise of the arroyo bed, it was impossible to see more. Handy Solomon felt the defenses carefully.

"A man would think, sir, it was a cannibal island," he observed. "All so tight and tidy-like here. It would take a ship's guns to batter her down. A man might dig under these here two gate logs, if no one was against him. Like to try it, sir?"

"No," I answered gruffly.

From that time on I was virtually a prisoner; yet so carefully was my surveillance accomplished that I could place my finger on nothing definite. Someone always accompanied me on my walks; and in the evening I was herded as closely as any cattle.

Handy Solomon took the direction of affairs off my hands. You may be sure he set no very heavy tasks. The men cut a little wood, carried up a few pails of water—that was all.

Lacking incentive to stir about, they came to spend most of their time lying on their backs watching the sky. This in turn bred a languor which is the sickest, most soul- and temper-destroying affair invented by the devil. They could not muster up energy enough to walk down the beach and back, and yet they were wearied to death of the inaction. After a little they became irritable toward one another. Each suspected the other of doing less than he should. You who know men will realize what this meant.

The atmosphere of our camp became surly. I recognized the precursor of its becoming dangerous. One day on a walk in the hills I came on Thrackles and Pulz lying on their stomachs gazing down fixedly at Dr. Schermerhorn's camp. This was nothing extraordinary, but they started gulltily to their feet when they saw me, and made off, growling under their breaths.

All this that I have told you so briefly, took time. It was the eating through of men's spirits by that worst of corrosives, idleness. I conceive it unnecessary to weary you with the details—

The situation was as yet uneasy but not alarming. One evening I overheard the beginning of an absurd plot to gain entrance to the Valley—that was as far as detail went. I became convinced at last that I should in some way warn Percy Darrow.

That seems a simple enough proposition, does it not? But if you will stop to think one moment of the difficulties of my position, you will see that it was not as easy as at first it appears. Darrow still visited us in the evening. The men never allowed me even the chance of private communication while he was with us. One or two took pains to stretch out between us. Twice I arose when the assistant did, resolved to accompany him part way back. Both times men resolutely escorted us, and as resolutely separated us from the opportunity of a single word apart. The crew never threatened me by word or look. But we understood each other.

I was not permitted to row out to the Laughing Lass without escort. Therefore I never atempted to visit her again. The men were not anxious to do so; their awe of the captain made them only too glad to escape his notice. That empty shell of a past reputation was my only hope. It shielded the arms and ammunition.

As I look back on it now, the period seems to me to be one of merely potential trouble. The men had not taken the pains to crystallize their ideas. I really think their compelling emotion was that of curiosity. They wanted to see. It needed a definite impulse to change that desire to one of greed.

The impulse came from Percy Darrow and his idle talk of voodoos. As usual, he was directing his remarks to the sullen Nigger.

"Voodoos?" he said. "Of course there are. Don't fool yourself for a minute on that. There are good ones and bad ones. You can tame them if you know how, and they will do anything you want them to." Pulz chuckled in his throat. "You don't believe it?" drawled the assistant, turning to him. "Well, it's so. You know the heavy box we are so careful of? Well, that's got a tame voodoo in it."

The others laughed.

"What he like?" asked the Nigger, gravely.

"He's a fine voodoo, with wavery arms and green eyes, and red glows." Watching narrowly its effect, he swung off into one of the genuine old crooning voodoo songs, once so common down South, now so rarely heard. No one knows what the words mean—they are generally held to be charm-words only—a magic gibberish. But the Nigger sprang across the fire like lightning, his face altered by terror, to seize Darrow by the shoulders.

"Doan you! Doan you!" he gasped, shaking the assistant violently back and forth. "Dat de King Voodoo song! Dat call him all de voodoo—all!"

He stared wildly about in thee darkness, as though expecting to see the night thronged. There was a moment of confusion. Eager for any chance, I hissed under my breath: "Danger! Look out!"

I could not tell whether or not Darrow heard me. He left soon after. The mention of the chest had focussed the men's interest.

"Well," Pulz began, "we've been here on this spot o' hell for a long time."

"A year and five months," reckoned Thrackles.

"A man can do a lot in that time."

"If he's busy."

"They've been busy."

"Yes."

"Wonder what they've done?"

There was no answer to this, and the sea lawyer took a new tack.

"I suppose we're all getting double wages."

"That's so."

"And that's, say, four hunder' for us and Mr. Eagen here. I suppose the Old Man don't let the schooner go for nothing."

"Two hundred and fifty a month," said I, and then would have had the words back.

They 'cried out in prolonged astonishment.

"Seventeen months," purused the logician, after a few moments. He scratched with a stub of lead. "That makes over eleven thousand dollars since we've been out. How much do you suppose his outfit stands him?" he appealed to me.

"I'm sure I can't tell you," I replied shortly.

"Well, it's a pile of money, anyway." Nobody said anything for some time.

"Wonder what they've done?" Pulz asked again.

"Something that pays big." Thrackles supplied the desired answer.

"Dat chis'—" suggested Perdosa.

"Voodoo—" muttered the Nigger.

"That's to scare us out," said Handy Solomon, with vast contempt. "That's what makes me sure it is the chest."

Pulz muttered some jargon of alchemy.

"That's it," approved Handy Solomon. "If we could get—"

"We wouldn't know how to use it," interrupted Pulz.

"The book—" said Thrackles.

"Well, the book—" asserted Pulz, pugnaciously. "How do you know what it will be? It may be the Philosopher's Stone and it may be one of these other things. And then where'd we be?"

It was astounding to hear this nonsense bandied about so seriously. And yet they more than half believed, for they were deep-sea men of the old school, and this was in print. Thrackles voiced approximately the general attitude.

"Philosopher's stone or not, something's up. The old boy took too good care of that box, and he's spending too much money, and he's got hold of too much hell afloat to be doing it for his health."

"You know w'at I t'ink?" smiled Perdosa. "He mak' di mon's. He say dat."

The Nigger had entered one of his black, brooding moods, from which these men expected oracles.

"Get him ches'," he muttered. "I see him full—full of di'mon's."

They listened to him with vast respect, and were visibly impressed. So

THE HEART OF THE HOME

By Beecher W. Waltermire. Author of "Buckeye Ballads."

I know a home where plenty is,
A stately palace grand;
Rich draperies and furnishings
From many a distant strand;
And all that glittering gold can buy
Selected with great care:
And, yet, 'tis not a Paradise—
No heart abideth there.

No baby fingers press the cheek
Or thrum the window pane:
No childish laugh rings through the halls
To break the silent reign.
No guileless elf, with dimpled hands,
Strews playthings everywhere;
This palace is a quiet home—
There is no mother there.

A queenly woman, proud and cold.
With matchless form and face,
Presides within these castle walls
With dignity and grace.
The lord and master of the home
Provides the richest fare;
And yet, it is a cheerless place—
No love abideth there.

No tenderness, no sacred ties;
No mutual joys or pain;
One strives for social eminence,
The other lives for gain.
No golden threads entwine the hearts
Of those this grandeur share;
No mutual yearnings of the soul—
No sympathy is there.

Oh, give me but some humble cot
Where pattering baby feet,
And childish laugh, and mother's smiles
My comings ever greet;
Where heart is home, and love is life—
Though course and scant the fare—
No loveless, childless palace can
With such a cot compare!

WOMAN A TEXAS RANGER

Unequaled Bravery and Heroism of Fanny Malroy Won Her a Place in the Famous Border Band.

Miss Fanny Malroy, whose father, Colonel Colbert Malroy, is one of the cattle kings of the Rio Grande country, is just now the most popular heroine in southern Texas. She is the first woman ever to become a genuine Texas Ranger, having been elected an honorary member of that famous border band because she has displayed qualities of heroism and daring under circumstances that would have made most men show the white feather, says the Chicago Tribune.

Miss Malroy, accompanied by a single servant, entered a hostile and desolate region of Mexico in search of her wounded father.

She swam her mustang across a raging and treacherous stream.

She fought and vanquished a mountain lion.

She appeared with all the eloquence of a Portia in a Mexican court and put the lawyers and witnesses to confusion.

She led a charge against armed cattle thieves and put them to flight.

She went to the City of Mexico and in a personal interview persuaded President Diaz to give herself and her father and their herd of cattle a safe conduct to the Rio Grande.

Because of all these brave deeds, and because she is as beautiful as she is brave, Miss Malroy is justly the heroine of the Rio Grande country, and the story in detail of her exploits reads like a romance.

Some months ago Colonel Malroy ventured into the interior of Mexico for the purpose of buying cattle. He was accompanied by 25 of his most courageous cowboys. After the passing of some weeks a letter came, bringing bad news for the devoted young daughter. Her father had gathered a thousand head of Mexican cattle and he was about to set out on his long trip when a difficulty—"misunderstanding" he wrote—occurred between him and a Mexican of bad character and desperate courage. Pistol shots were exchanged and the brave old Texan got a bullet in one of his shoulders. Of course the prudent father made light of the affair, saying that it was only a "slight wound" and that a few days' nursing and rest would "put him on his feet again," and they would be able to resume their march.

After getting this sad news it did not take the brave Texas girl long to make up her mind as to the course she ought to pursue. She spent some hours in studying a map of Mexico and tracing the streams, great highways and the railroads over the red, blue and yellow spots of the land of the Aztecs, and suddenly surprised her mother by saying: "I am going to father—I am going to Mexico."

No amount of persuasion could turn the determined young woman from her purpose. Discovering that she could travel most of the journey by rail, she packed a small valise and calling to her assistance a faithful, courageous and well tried old Mexican vaquero, she at once set out on her long and dangerous trip.

The journey was uneventful until she reached the little town of Los Nietos, where she had to leave the railroad. Here she learned that it was about 50 miles to the Rancho Grande, where her father was holding his big herd when last heard from. The region she had to traverse was uninhabited, desolate and reputed to be infested by savage beasts and bandits. This did not cause the brave girl to hesitate a single moment. It was not the first time that she had faced danger. She could handle a rifle or a revolver like a cowboy, and she never had been thrown from the back of a horse.

Distressed and eager to reach her father's side, she lost no time in securing good horses and changing her apparel. As she galloped away from the little Mexican town one who was a not too close observer would have supposed that he saw a handsome young American and his servant seeking the famous hunting grounds of the Los Morenos.

With bright spurs and jingling bells at the heels of her little boots, a great Mexican sombrero on her head, a rifle at the horn of her saddle and a revolver at her belt, the venturesome Texas girl looked the typical cowboy of the western plains.

During the long ride through the lonesome, forbidding regions her courage was tried more than once. An unknown stream running full to the capacity of its banks, and looking dangerous, took a good deal of grit out of the old Mexican. He believed that it would be impossible to swim the horses from bank to bank, and he tried hard to prevent the daring girl from riding into the frightful-looking torrent.

"Sanchez," said she, "my father needs me. He may be suffering, may be dying. We must not let a little water frighten or stop us. Come on."

Striking her pony with her quirt she urged the animal forward. At the first step the mustang disappeared to the tips of his ears and the foaming waters lashed the arms of the girl.

"If he can't swim it I can," shouted the laughing Texas beauty. The mustang came bounding to the surface, blowing streams of water from his nostrils, and struck out bravely for the other shore. He proved to be a "regular water dog," as the old Mexican said, and soon carried his mistress safely to solid ground.

"I think," said the fearless girl, "that my most terrorizing adventure occurred during the first night of our journey. It was about midnight, and, knowing that they were drawing near Colonel Malroy's camp, they concluded to stop for a few moments under some large pecans for the purpose of resting their jaded horses. Fanny was tired, and, throwing a blanket on the ground, she sat down with her back against a large tree, grasping a revolver in her hands. Sanchez said he would loosen the cinches and let the horses nip a little grass.

Miss Malroy was disturbed by the falling of small pieces of bark. Slowly turning her eyes towards the top of the tree she saw something that made her blood run cold in her veins. She was looking into the glaring eyeballs of a monster mountain lion.

At the same instant the hungry beast began to gnash his glistening white fangs and lash his sides furiously with his long tail. The girl had neither time to use her gun nor jump out of reach. Fortunately the mad brute sprang over her and landed on the ground some ten feet away. He turned, howling and spitting froth from his red chops.

Another moment and he would have had his sharp fangs buried in the girl's white throat, but Fanny had kept her head and her nerves were steady. She had her revolver on the beast when he hit the earth and she only allowed him time to turn about before she sent a hot ball crashing into his skull. One was not enough to do the work and the proud girl had fairly to rain bullets into the lion's brain before he fell quivering and weltering in his own blood.

"It took me some time to recover my self-possession," says Miss Malroy, "but I tell you I was awfully proud of the fact that I had slain a Mexican lion with a revolver."

Never was a man more surprised than Colonel Malroy when his daughter presented herself in his camp. He hardly could credit his own eyes.

"Oh, well," he said, with glowing pride, "you are the bravest and best daughter in all the world."

The faithful daughter arrived at an opportune moment. Her father's wound was not doing well, and further to complicate affairs, he was having trouble with the officers of the law.

Colonel Malroy now says: "It is as certain as fate that the Mexicans would have got every hoof of my cattle and probably my life if my daughter had not arrived and helped me to manage affairs."

Miss Malroy favored the idea of setting out toward the Rio Grande at once, hoping to reach a town where they could find a competent surgeon. The herd no sooner was started than the Mexicans began to interfere in various ways. First Colonel Malroy was arrested and next a civil suit was entered against him for trespass. Ruin was staring the wounded man in the face when his talented daughter took matters in her own hands and she certainly showed that she possessed talent of a high order and was too resourceful for the Mexican lawyers.

She spoke Spanish like a native of old Spain, and when her father's case was called she boldly entered the courtroom and proceeded to defend the astounded old man. The Mexicans stood with open mouths and the court officials were nearly paralyzed with amazement. Never before had they seen a young girl displaying so much learning and talent.

He was acquitted, but that did not end his troubles. The owners of land along the line of travel wanted big pay before they would allow him to traverse their possessions. This was a ruinous outrage, and the old man could see no way to avoid the difficulty. His resourceful daughter did see a way. She went straight to the City of Mexico, and she soon succeeded in obtaining an interview with President Diaz. The great man was deeply touched by the recital of the troubles of the pretty American girl, and he gave her an official document well calculated to clear the way to the Rio Grande and at the same time enable her to command the protection of the rural guards.

Once more the big herd was set in motion, and they encountered no further trouble until they were within sight of the land of the Lone Star. Here they met a band of hungry outlaws who sought to obtain beef by stampeding the cattle. They picked a dark rainy night, and they would have succeeded had it not been for the vigilance and prompt action of the ever-watchful girl. Suspecting that there was some mischief afoot, Fanny Malroy had ordered the cowboys to keep their horses saddled, and sleep on their arms.

About midnight the cattle broke away and ran, bellowing as if a thousand lions were at their heels. The men were ready for action, and only a few minutes passed before the whole force was in front of the mad herd, yelling like Comanches and filling the air with hot balls and streaks of fire. The leaders of the herd turned and the cattle began to mill.

At that moment the boys caught a glimpse of the band of outlaws. They had collected on an eminence, doubtless for the purpose of making another attempt to stampede the cattle. The cowboys did not know that their "queen of the trail," as they had begun to call Miss Malroy, was with them, and they were astounded when the brave girl swung her gun over her head and shouted: "Charge them, boys, charge. They have given us enough trouble."

When the fearless girl dashed toward the band of bandits the cowboys made frantic efforts to seize her bridle reins, but she led them, shouting like a veteran intoxicated with the joy of battle and pouring a stream of fire from her gun.

The outlaws were dispersed, and at daylight the big herd crossed the Rio Grande, and while the tired steers fed upon the grass of the land of the Lone Star the happy cowboys rejoiced and shouted praises for the one whom they believed "the fairest and bravest girl in all the world."

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

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deep was the sense of awe that Handy Solomon unbent enough to whisper to me:

"I don't take any stock in the Nigger's talk ordinarily. He's a fool of a nigger. But when his eye looks like that, then you want to listen close. He sees things then. Lots of times he's seen things. Even last year—the Oyama—he told about her three days ahead. That's why we were so ready for her," he chuckled.

Nothing more developed for a long time except a savage fight between Pulz and Perdosa. I hunted sheep, fished, wandered about—always with an escort tired to death before he started. The thought came to me to kill this man and so to escape and make cause with the scientists. My common sense forbade me. I begin to think that common sense is a very foolish faculty indeed.

It taught me the obvious—that all this idle, vaporing talk was common enough among men of this class, so common that it would hardly justify a murder, would hardly explain an unwarranted intrusion on those who employed me. How would it look for me to go to them with these words in my mouth:

"The captain has taken to drinking to dull the monotony. The crew think you are an alchemist and are making diamonds. Their interest in this fact seemed to me excessive, so I killed one of them, and here I am."

"And who are you?" they could ask.

"I am a reporter," would be my only truthful reply.

You can see the false difficulties of my position. I do not defend my attitude. Undoubtedly a born leader of men, like Captain Selover at his best, would have known how to act with the proper decision both now and in the inception of the first mutiny. At heart I never doubted the reality of the crisis.

Even Percy Darrow saw the surliness of the men's attitudes, and with his usual good sense divined the cause.

"You chaps are getting lazy," said he; "why don't you do something? Where's the captain?"

They growled something about there being nothing to do, and explained that the captain preferred to live aboard.

"Don't blame him," said Darrow; "but he might give us a little of his squeaky company occasionally. Boys, I'll tell you something about seals. The old bull seals have long, stiff whiskers—a foot long. Do you know there's a market for those whiskers? Well, there is. The Chinese mount them in gold and use them for cleaners for their long pipes. Each whisker is worth from six bits to a dollar and a quarter. Why don't you kill a few bull seals for the 'trimmings'?"

"Nothin' to do with a voodoo?" grunted Handy Solomon.

Darrow laughed amusedly. "No, this is the truth," he assured. "I'll tell you what: I'll give you boys six bits apiece for the whisker hairs, and four bits for the gulls. I expect to sell them at a profit."

Next morning they shook off their lethargy and went seal-hunting.

I was practically commanded to attend. This attitude had been growing of late; now it began to take a definite form.

"Mr. Eagan, don't you want to go hunting?" or "Mr. Eagan, I guess I'll just go along with you to stretch my legs," had given way to, "We're going fishing; you'd better come along."

I had known for a long time that I had lost any real control of them; and that perhaps humiliated me a little. However, my inexperience at handling such men, and the anomalous character of my position to some extent consoled me. In the filaments brushed across the face of my understanding I could discover none so strong as to support an overt act on my part. I cannot doubt that, had the affair come to a focus, I should have warned the scientists even at the risk of my life. In fact, as I shall have occasion to show you, I did my best. But at the moment, in all policy, I could see my way to little besides acquiescence.

We killed seals by sequestrating the bulls, surrounding them, and clubbing them at a certain point of the forehead. It was surprising to see how hard they fought, and how quickly they succumbed to a blow properly directed. Then we stripped the mask with its bristle of long whiskers, took the gall, and dragged the carcass into the surf, where it was devoured by fish. At first the men, pleased by the novelty, stripped the skins. The blubber, often two or three inches in thickness, had then to be cut away from the pelt, cube by cube. It was a long, an oily, and odoriferous job. We stunk mightily of seal oil; our garments were shiny with it, the very pores of our skins seemed to ooze it. And even after the pelt was fairly well cleared, it had still to be tanned. Percy Darrow suggested the method, but the process was long, and generally unsatisfactory. With the acquisition of the fifth greasy, heavy, and ill-smelling piece of fur the men's interest in peltries waned. They confined themselves in all strictness to the "trimmings."

Percy Darrow showed us how to clean the whiskers. The process was evil. The masks were, quite simply, to be advanced so far in the way of putrefaction that the bristles would part readily from their sockets. The first batch the men hung out on a line. A few moments later we heard a mighty squawking, and rushed out to find the island ravens making off with the entire catch. Protection of netting had to be rigged. We caught seals for a month or so. There was novelty in it, and it satisfied the lust for killing. As time went on the bulls grew warier. Then we made expeditions to outlying rocks.

Later, Handy Solomon approached me on another diplomatic errand.

"The seals is getting shy, sir," said he.

"They are," said I.

"The only way to do is to shoot them," said he.

"Quite like," I agreed.

A pause ensued.

"We've got no cartridges," he insinuated.

"And you've taken charge of my rifle," I pointed out.

"Oh, not a bit, sir," he cried. "Thrackles, he just took it to clean it—you can have it whenever you want it, sir."

"I have no cartridges—as you have observed," said I.

"There's plenty aboard," he suggested.

"And they're in very good hands there," said I.

He ruminated a moment, polishing the steel of his hook against the other arm of his shirt. Suddenly he looked up at me with a humorous twinkle.

"You're afraid of us!" he accused.

I was silent, not knowing just how to meet so direct an attack.

"No need to be," he continued.

I said nothing.

He looked at me shrewdly; then stood off on another tack.

"Well, sir, I didn't mean just that. I didn't mean you was really scared of us. But we're gettin' to know each other, livin' here on this old island, brothers-like. There ain't no officers and men ashore—is there, now, sir? When we gets back to the old Laughing Lass, then we drops back into our dooty again all right and proper. You can kiss the Book on that. Old Scrubs, he knows that. He don't want no shore in his. He knows enough to stay aboard, where we'd all rather be."

He stopped abruptly, spat, and looked at me. I wondered whither this devious diplomacy led us.

"Still, in one way, an officer's an officer, and a seaman's a seaman, thinks you, and discipline must be held up among mates ashore or afloat, thinks you. Quite proper, sir. And I can see you think that the arms is for the afterguard except in case of trouble. Quite proper. You can do the shooting, and you can keep the cartridges always by you. Just for discipline, sir."

The man's boldness in so fully arming me was astonishing, and his carelessness in allowing me aboard with Captain Selover astonished me still more. Nevertheless I promised to go for the desired cartridges, fully resolved to make an appeal.

A further consideration of the elements of the game convinced me, however, of the fellow's shrewdness. It was no more dangerous to allow me a rifle—under direct surveillance—for the purposes of hunting, than to leave me my sawed-off revolver, which I still retained. The arguments he had used against my shooting Perdosa were quite as cogent now. As to the second point, I, finding the sun unexpectedly strong, returned from the cove for my hat, and so overheard the following between Thrackles and his leader:

"What's to keep him from staying aboard?" cried Thrackles, protesting.

"Well, he might," acknowledged Handy Solomon, "and then are we the worse off? You ain't going to make a boat attack against Old Scrubs, are you?"

Thrackles hesitated.

"You can kiss the Book on it, you ain't," went on Handy Solomon easily, "nor me, nor Pulz, nor the Greaser, nor the Nigger, nor none of us all together. We've had our dose of that. Well, if he goes aboard and stays, where are we the worse off? I asks you that. But he won't. This is w'ats goin' to happen. Says he to Old Scrubs, 'Sir, the men needs you to bash in their heads.' 'Bash 'em in yourself,' says he, 'that's w'at you're for.' And if he should come ashore, w'at could he do? I asks you that. We ain't disobeyed no orders dooly delivered. We're ready to pull halliards at the word. No, let him go aboard, and if he peaches to the Old Man, why all the better, for it just gets the Old Man down on him."

"How about Old Scrubs—"

"Don't you believe none in luck?" asked Handy Solomon.

"Aye."

"Well, so do I, with w'at that lawcrimp used to call joodicious assistance."

I rowed out to the Laughing Lass very thoughtful, and a little shaken by the plausible argument. Captain Selover was lying dead drunk across the cabin table. I did my best to waken him, but failed, took a score of cartridges—no more—and departed sadly. Nothing could be gained by staying aboard; every chance might be lost. Besides, an opening to escape in the direction of the laboratory might offer—I, as well as they, believed in luck judiciously assisted.

In the ensuing days I learned much of the habits of seals. We sneaked along the cliff tops until over the rookeries; then lay flat on our stomachs and peered cautiously down on our quarry. The seals had become very wary. A slight jar, the fall of a pebble, sometimes even sounds unnoticed by ourselves, were enough to send them into the water. There they lined up just outside the surf, their sleek heads glossy with the wet, their calm, soft eyes fixed unblinkingly on us.

It was useless to shoot them in the water; they sank at once.

When, however, we succeeded in gaining an advantageous position, it was necessary to shoot with extreme accuracy. A bullet directly through the back of the head would kill cleanly. A hit anywhere else was practically useless, for even in death the animals seemed to retain enough blind instinctive vitality to flop into the water. There they were lost.

Each rookery consisted of one tremendous bull who officiated, apparently, as the standing army; a number of smaller bulls, his direct descendants; the cows, and the pups. The big bull held his position by force of arms. Occasionally other, unattached, bulls, would come swimming by. On arriving opposite the rookery the stranger would utter a peculiar challenge. It was never refused by the resident champion, who promptly slid into the sea and engaged battle. If he conquered, the stranger went on his way. If, however, the stranger won, the big bull immediately struck out to sea, abandoning his rookery, while the new-comer swam in and attempted to make good his title with all the younger bulls. I have seen some fierce combats out there in the blue water. They gashed each other deep—

You can see by this how our hunting was never at an end. On Tuesday we would kill the boss bull of a certain establishment. By Thursday, at latest, another would be installed.

I learned curious facts about seals in those days. The hunting did not appeal to me particularly, because it seemed to me useless to kill so large an animal for so small a spoil. Still, it was a means to my all-absorbing end, and I confess that the stalking, the lying flat down on the sun-warmed grass over the surge and under the clear sky, was extremely pleasant. While awaiting the return of the big bull often we had opportunity to watch the others at their daily affairs, and even the unresponsive Thrackles was struck with their almost human intelligence. Did you know that seals kiss each other, and weep tears when grieved?

The men often discussed among themselves the narrow, dry cave. There the animals were practically penned in. They agreed that a great killing could be made there, but the impossibility of distinguishing between the bulls and the cows deterred them. The cave was quite dark.

Immersed in our own affairs thus, the days, weeks and months went by. Events had slipped beyond my control. I had embarked on a journalistic enterprise, and now that purpose we entirely out of my reach.

Up the valley Dr. Schermerhorn and his assistant were engaged in some experiment of whose very nature I was still ignorant. Also, I was likely to remain so. The precautions taken against interference by the men were equally effective against me. As if that were not enough, any move of investigation on my part would be radically misinterpreted, and to my own danger, by the men. I might as well have been in London.

However, as to my first purpose in this adventure I had evolved another plan, and therefore was content. I made up my mind that on the voyage home, if nothing prevented, I would tell my story to Percy Darrow, and throw myself on his mercy. The results of the experiment would probably by then be ready for the public, and there was no reason, as far as I could see, why I should not get the "scoop" at first hand.

Certainly my sincerity would be without question; and I hoped that two years or more of service such as I had rendered would tickle Dr. Schermerhorn's sense of his own importance. So adequate did this plan seem, that I gave up thought on the subject.

My whole life now lay on the shores. I was not again permitted to board the Laughing Lass. Captain Selover I saw twice at a distance. Both times he seemed to be rather uncertain. The men did not remark it. The days went by. I relapsed into that state so well known to you all, when one seems caught in the meshes of a dream existence which has had no beginning and which is destined never to have an end.

We were to hunt seals, and fish, and pry bivaves from the rocks at low tide, and build fires, and talk, and alternate between suspicion and security, between the danger of sedition and the insanity of men without defined purpose, world without end forever.

To Be Continued.

CURE FOR SEASICKNESS

Sailor Prescribes Looking Glass —Keep Your Eye on It.

A new remedy has been discovered for seasickness. An old sailor has proved that a pocket looking-glass is an infallible cure.

The looking-glass cure must be taken immediately the sufferer steps on board ship. The prescription directs the patient, when the first indescribable feeling comes on, to take out the pocket looking glass and look himself fair and square in the eyes.

The result is alleged to be that the rolling of the ship, and even the smell of the engines, will pass unnoticed, and a little perseverance will transform a bad sailor into a good one.

An Express representative consulted a west end physician yesterday on the new cure.

"It is a very curious fact, and one for which it is difficult to account," said he, "that a casual glance in a lookingglass may arrest seasickness. It may be that the woe-begone countenance is responsible for introducing a vein of humor, and the sufferer resolves to 'cheer up.'

"Personally I think there is a more scientific reason. It is well known among sailors that the rise and fall of the horizon is responsible for the early stages of this distressing malady. Physicians in consequence often recommend their patients to try to fix their eyes on some immovable object, such as a ring on their finger, or a book held firmly on the knee. The lookingglass is probably the same kind of antidote to the movement of the ship.

"It would be necessary, of course, to hold the glass firmly, and let the gaze steadily on the reflected image.

"The looking-glass remedy may be something in the nature of a faith cure. If the attention can be absolutely concentrated on the image in the glass, and all thought of illness banished, there is an excellent chance that the voyage will have no bad effects.

"With regard to the length of time required for the cure, it is a general fact that if sickness can be successfully warded off for several hours the symptoms are not likely to recur, except in cases where no remedy will avail. The unfortunate sufferer, and sea and brain sickness are interchangeable terms.—London Express.

FLOWERS THAT HAVE EYES

The night hath a thousand eyes, but a nasturtium leaf has more. Holding up his hand in front of a desert shrub, an experimenter recently has taken a microphotograph showing half a dozen distinct images of his fingers formed by the eyes of the plant. Many common garden and wild flowers—the nasturtium, begonia, clover, wood sorrel and bluebell among others—possess eyes situated on their leaves. They are minute proturberances filled with a transparent gummy matter which focuses the rays of light on to a sensitive patch of tissue at the back of it. In a similar manner to that by which the eyes of an animal do their work, a nasturtium plant has thousands of such eyelets on its leaves, forming thousands if minute images of the objects around them. But though a plant may have eyes it does not follow that it sees. It is not yet known if the sense impressions are telegraphed to some central nerve exchange corresponding to the brain of the animal. In addition to these light sense organs many plants possess a touch of sensitiveness and a response to electric stimuli that show further resemblances to the animal world, while ferns, mosses and seaweeds in an early stage of their existence are capable of actually swimming through water.—Chicago Tribune.

THE BEARDED GHOST.

"Mark Twain on the Minnetonka," said a Duluth man, "talked a good deal about Christian Science, to which he seems to be very strongly opposed. I believe, in fact, that he has written a book against it.

"But the book is neither here nor there. I know nothing about that. What I want to tell you is a story Mark Twain told me on the subject of Christian Science. He said that the attempts of Christian Scientists to prove their system scientifically were about as truly scientific as the method of a widow he used to know in Hartford. This widow, at a sewing circle announced one day that the hair grew after death. This was a positive fact. She had scientific proof of it.

"'How ghastly!' said a young girl. 'And how did you get this proof, Mrs. Jones?'

"'Well,' Mrs. Jones answered, 'I believe in Spiritualism, and last Saturday night I attended a seance.

"'The room was very dark and still. We held one another's hands. In the darkness and the stillness the medium materialized poor dear Joseph for me.

"'I recognized his dim outlines. He approached softly. He bent over and kissed me, sweetly and tenderly, on the lips. And do you know—'

"She paused to give weight to her words.

"'And do you know, whereas Joe was clean-shaven in life, he now has the softest, silkiest mustache and beard.'"

CANARIES LIKE FREEDOM

For the young girl dweller in the city apartment house, from most of which cats, dogs and parrots are excluded, there is no live creature more interesting, more unobjectionable, more easily cared for, and more satisfactorily generally than the canary bird.

A window board holding three or four plants in pots; swinging above it the tiny, golden-coated songster comfortably housed in its neatly kept cage, all in the most favorably exposed window, give the little lady's room the necessary homey touch.

Canary birds are easily tamed; they will soon learn to take sugar or a bit of lettuce from one's hand or from between one's lips. With proper care as to keeping outside room doors and windows closed Dicky may be indulged in a daily hour of freedom with great benefit and no danger. If the door to his cage be left open he will fly back to it as soon as he feels the pangs of hunger. A bit of lettuce left upon the floor or between the wires of his cage will hasten his return to any time.

An interesting old canary bird of our acquaintance—it died shortly after completing its nineteenth year—greatly enjoyed flying about the playroom;

BOY ACTRESSES.

The most singular and striking opinion in Professor Walter Raleigh's new "Life of Shakespeare" is that romantic drama died in England when boys ceased to play women's parts. We all knew that the persons who "created" the roles of Juliet and Portia, of Imogen and Ophelia, were smooth-cheeked boys, and that the actress only made her appearance with Charles II and the drama of the Restoration. Hitherto we have been inclined to pity Shakespeare and his audience for having only squeaky-voiced lads to impersonate those marvellous and intensely feminine characters, but Professor Raleigh thinks that poetic drama gained, rather than lost, by these boy actresses. He declares that the modern actress imparts not only too much realism, but a superabundance of her own personality, into the Shakespearean part, and that the highly trained, but more "conventional," boy actor could better convey the true inwardness of the poet's incomparable

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER

CANCEROL has proved its merits in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100-page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address

DR. L. T. LEACH, Box 145, Indianapolis, Indiana.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CONQUERING WITH THE CALENDAR

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 20 Is, "The Capture of Jericho," Joshua 6:8-20.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The daily newspapers which would reform the land between issues are scarcely aligned with the historical method. Great deeds are not done in a moment. A fair criticism of much of the contemporary agitation for reform is that it appears too hurried. Jerichos have to be marched around many times before they fall. It takes time to do mighty deeds of righteousness. In patience the reformer must win his soul if he would win the victories he seeks.

The boastful, insolvent, vaunting Jericho of graft, which today seems to be toppling, was not overcome by yesterday's editorials or by last month's speeches or the resolutions of last year's conventions. There has been a long, patient siege by the unhurried forces of truth and justice. This is a basic principle of success. Some things only time can accomplish. Therefore they work well who know also how to wait.

Giving the Calendar a Chance.

A man had been in conflict with a powerful but erring ecclesiastical organization. He failed to correct the abuses which he had attacked, and apparently was defeated. When spoken to about his unconcern over the outcome, he said, "I am in partnership with the calendar. I tried to fight a good fight, and fair. Having done my part, I can trust the calendar to do the rest. The men who are at fault are old men. Grant them the longest lease of life possible and they will be gone within a few years. I shall have opportunity to write all their obituaries. The principles I stood for are the prevailing principles; the new men will carry such of them into effect as the old men have not already been forced to adopt. So I am serene; knowing that God will in his own time—and he has plenty of time—vindicate the truth."

Giving the calendar a chance is only another way of giving God a chance. They who champion God's great truths can afford to abide his hour. The counsel of the hymn,

"Be calm in thy soul,"

is good for truth's warriors. It is only error which needs to be in mad haste; the eternal ears of God belong to truth. "His faith was rather frantic," keenly wrote a clergyman concerning a speaker's hysterical missionary address. It seems to be the divine program to bring down Jerichos by the expenditure of time and self-restrained fidelity. The story of Joshua's victory over the key city which opposed Israel's entrance into Canaan comes opportunely; men need just now the lesson that truth's battles take time. Because yesterday's election may have gone against reform is no reason for being downcast; waves may ebb while the tide rises.

A Strange Siege.

It is hard for the man of the street to realize the power of weapons that are spiritual and not carnal. The organized liquor interests of the land are probably amazed and bewildered over the recent swift succession of victories for prohibition. The thing seems incredible; they spent the money, they employed the lawyers and lobbyists, they organized their forces. Yet rout is the outcome. Not being able to discern spiritual things they do not take into account the prayers of uncounted women and men who have a strong hold upon God. The "pious talk" of the preachers they had regarded as negligible quantities. Still, the fact remains that the walls of some of their Jerichos lie flat.

Pretty much the same state of mind must have been that of the people of Jericho who watched the approach of Joshua's army. True, their hearts had been melted within them at the news of God's wondrous dealings in behalf of Israel. They were prepared to flee from a frontal attack. But this flummery scared nobody; a crowd of silent marchers a company of ceremonially-robed priests blowing trumpets, a sacred box borne by priests, more marching men, and the whole encircling the city without letting loose a single arrow or driving a solitary spear. The Canaanitish equivalent for "fanatics" was doubtless heard in sneering tones around many a Jericho camp-fire that night.

A different note was heard shortly. The grim silence of those marchers, undisturbed by taunts and jeers and stones and filth, must have got on the nerves of the city's defenders. It was universal fruit for which the psalmist expressed when the wrote, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Once in a Japanese temple I saw the second champion wrestler of Japan defend his title against a newcomer—a quiet, modest man. The champion was plainly made anxious by the unprotentious assurance of the other. He was defeated in mind before he came to grips with his adversary—and then he was thrown outside of the ring. He had been "rattled," even as the home crowd try to "rattle" the pitcher of the opposing baseball team. If such a colloquialism may be permitted in this connection, the people of Jericho were "badly rattled" by Joshua's extraordinary exhibition of confidence. That absolute faith of the marchers was enough to shake anybody's bravado.

A Cowardly City.

Some cities and neighborhoods and nations are notoriously craven. They never assert themselves or defend themselves; ever they fall a prey to the strong. Its own history of defeat fought against Jericho, just as a sense of conquest fought with Joshua. George Adam Smith says concerning Jericho:

"Her people seem never to have been distinguished for bravery; and, indeed, in that climate, how could they? Enervated by the great heat, which degrades all the inhabitants of the Ghor, and unable to endure on their bodies aught but linen, it was impossible that they could be warriors, or anything but irrigators, paddlers in water and soft earth. We forget how near neighbors they had been to Sodom and Gomorrah. No great man was born in Jericho; no heroic deed was ever done in her. She has been called 'the key' and 'the guard-house' of Judaea; she was only a pantry. She never stood a siege, and her inhabitants were always running away."

The six days of marching in silence—great is the power of self-restraint—about the walls of Jericho, one march a day, had shaken the foundations of the inhabitants' confidence. Then on the final day, beginningning at daybreak, the march was repeated seven times. The story is most dramatically told in the words of Scripture:

"And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early at the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times; only on that day they compassed the city seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout, for Jehovah hath given you the city. So the people shouted, and the priests blew the trumpets; and it came to pass when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, that the people shouted with a great shout, and the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city."

What of Ether Vibrations?

The fall of Jericho has seemed incredible to rationalists. It just couldn't be, they said; it was only another of the fairy stories of that out-of-date book, the Bible. But the Bible has a way of being up-to-date that frequently confounds its critics. Hitherto commentators have fain taken refuge in the earthquake theory to explain the sudden fall of those walls. And that guess may be right. Or the more modern theory of atmospheric vibrations may explain the miracle, if explanation we must have. In this day of wireless telegraphy we have learned that it is not only the things which are seen that are to be believed. Science has also demonstrated the physical force of sound vibrations. Now here comes the announcement, in today's newspaper, that a Frenchman has patented a device for sending force by "wireless."

All of which is interesting chiefly as indicating that God's inexplicable actions in the past may become clear as he more fully reveals his secrets to men. He has more ways of helping his own than the wisdom of the world has ever dreamed. If he wants to break down the walls of any Jericho before the face of his faithful, he knows how. The practical point is that the child of God is in alliance with a Leader who has infinite resources with which to work his will. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

A Conquest Without Loot.

Now that China is waking up so wonderfully, thoughtful persons are beginning to look back upon the days of 1900 in Peking and wish that the forces of civilization had done a little less looting and murder. Our record may be uncomfortable to face one of these days, when the unforgetting Chinese hold it up before us. Loot on the part of a conqueror is uncivilized. Might never made thieving right. Not even a timeworn proverb can prove that "To the victor belong the spoils." The Hague Conference has removed the underpinning from that vicious aphorism.

Joshua was directed to make a conquest without loot. The religious significance of this victory would be lost if it should be followed by an orgy of pillaging and pilfering. The essential thing was to show the nations that the defeat of Jericho was a deed of Jehovah; therefore the victors should conduct themselves religiously. So it was decreed that all the people, except the woman and her family who had befriended Israel's spies, should be "devoted"—utterly destroyed as a sacrifice to Jehovah. The gold and silver and iron and brass should be reserved for the treasury of God.

One man violated this edict and brought shame and defeat upon Israel. God's glory is more important than man's profit. That is a truth which some modern business men need to remember. Any "prosperity" is fatal which is not based on loyalty to God's law. As a later leader of Israel learned, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

THE CHORUS GIRL.

The chorus girl
Will soon be here,
To fill the heart
Of us with cheer.
She'll gayly trip
Upon the stage
And be so great
A local rage
That chappies in
The town will think
It worth a life
To see her wink
And smile a bit,
And ogle, too,
Although the trick
Is nothing new.

The flight of time
Cannot annoy
The chorus girl,
Or dim her joy.
As seasons come
And seasons go,
She shifts from first
To final row,
And there retains,
Ye gods, how long?
A creature blent
Of dance and song,
Until at last,
Some people say,
She just dries up
And blows away!

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

IN FAR OFF KOREA.

When, the other day, the emperor of Korea stepped down from the throne and placed thereon a new emperor weaker even than himself, the act of abdication marked the end of Korea's brief period of independence, and probably of the nation itself. The final outcome is inevitable. However greatly one may sympathize with Korea and the Koreans, he must recognize the justice of the sentence which has been pronounced under civilization's unalterable law of the survival of the fittest. For Korea is a decadent nation, her people a degenerate people. Her governing class, by reason of centuries of excesses, are unfitted for their duties; Yi Hieung, the abdicating emperor, is weak and vacillant; the new emperor, Yi Siek, is little better than an imbecile. An alien people hold the reins of government, and there is no force left to protest. With as beautiful and as fertile a country as was ever given to man, the Koreans chose seclusion and stagnation in preference to progress, and the inevitable result is upon them. When one seeks in the customs of the people and the history of the nation for the reasons for Korea's backward condition, they are not hard to find. One cannot expect much of a people in whose country concubinage is still a legal institution, where, until the other day, a man's wife, and often his mother and daughters and his male relatives, to the fifth degree, suffered with him the penalty of his crimes. Concubinage is practiced in Korea among all classes, even the poorest, and is responsible for much of the decay, both physical and moral, in the nation. Until they reach man's estate, and sometimes even then, it is practically impossible to tell boys from girls, so effeminate are the former's faces.

The Korean man is ignorant, immoral, unprogressive and lazy. He works because he must have food. He does as much work as is necessary to keep him alive, but his principal joy in life is to stroll idly along the roads, or squat in the sun smoking his long pipe. When one reads of the mighty deeds of the Korean warrior of the olden times, he cannot believe that this degenerate, lolling along the roads or on the ridges between the paddy fields, belongs to the same race.

For the Japanese I hold no brief. His pride, his arrogance, his disregard for the rights of others, will some day surely bring him to grief. But as long as the world move the old and feeble and backward, whether individuals or nations, must give way to the young and strong and progressive. There must be no waste places on the earth's surface; and if he who holds the land through sloth and ignorance fails to make the most of it then must he surrender it to some one who has the knowledge, the energy, to make it bring forth its best fruits.—Leslie's Weekly.

BOTH SIDES.

Some girls who in the blossomed way
Of romance long have tarried,
Now sitting up take notice and
Start wishing they were married.

While other ones, who married young
And made of life a bingle,
Are wishing they had tarried some,
And that they now were single.

That thing the witty Frenchman said
Seems true, so don't forget it,
That if you marry, or do not,
In time you will regret it.

But from the standpoint of the man,
Staid business man or spooner,
When he is wed he wishes that
He had been married sooner.

—Houston Post.

SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story.

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die any time.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one time it came over me and I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee, because I had the Postum which I now like better than the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal beside."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I wish to ask readers of the Farmstead if there is a remedy for hip sweeny. I have a horse that is afflicted in that way. Will greatly appreciate a reply.—M., Cates, Ind.

Would be pleased if someone will give me a method for taking up celery in the fall and burying it so that it will not freeze or rot.—H., Cheat Haven, Pa.

I will feel grateful to any reader who will give me a recipe for making a wall-paper paste.—B., Boulevard, Va.

Death to Bedbugs.

Somebody at Tekonsha, Mich., asked us to send them a recipe for getting rid of bedbugs, which appeared in the Farmstead columns in the issue of June 13, last. The Blade makes it a rule not to reply to requests by mail, but in any event it would be impossible in this case, for the writer does not sign his or her name. Here is the recipe, however, as it was printed:

Some time ago we saw in The Blade a request for someone to tell how to kill bedbugs. Perhaps my recipe will be acceptable at this late day. Buy from the druggist ten cents' worth of corrosive sublimate in the white powder, put it in a pint bottel and pour onto it one gill of alcohol; shake well, then add one gill of the spirits of turpentine and one-half gill of strong spirits of camphor. Apply with a feather to every crack and crevice where there are bugs, and they will say good-bye right away.—W., Eaton Rapids, Michigan.

Pigs Have Kidney Worms.

G., Augusta, Okla.: The trouble with your pigs' backs and legs is caused by a worm in the kidneys. Bathe the back over the kidneys with spirits of turpentine to kill the worms, and the pigs will come out all right.—M., New Albany, Pa.

Fall-Seeded Alfalfa.

Fall-seeded alfalfa needs no care in the fall; the full growth of plants and weeds should be left as a winter covering, says Prof. M. Ten Eyck, of Kansas. The next season the alfalfa may be regularly cut for hay and, with a good catch, will often produce three or four cuttings the first year, yielding three or more tons of good hay per acre, although on foul land the hay is apt to be a little weedy the first season.

When alfalfa has become fully established, the crop is benefited by occasional cultivation. The implement best adapted for this work is the spike-tooth harrow. However, the common disk harrow is more generally used and does good work. Alfalfa may be disked in the spring before it starts much, and it may be disked after each or any cutting during the season. At the Kansas experiment station the usual practice is to disk once a year, quite early in the spring, although disking several times during the season as described above has given favorable results in a single trial. In these experiments the disking was done to alfalfa, and the best work was accomplished by setting the disks rather straight and weighting the harrow so as to make it cut two or three inches deep. then the field was cross-disked and harrowed with a common harrow. As the soil is left by disking with the common disk harrow it does not form a perfect soil mulch to conserve the soil moisture, and also the clods thrown up by the disk interfere in mowing. The purpose of the disking is to loosen the surface soil so as to favor better aeration in the soil, kill the weeds and form a mulch to conserve the soil moisture, and at the same time present a surface more favorable to the absorption of the rains, and there is no question but that disking alfalfa favors the growth and development of the crop.

Sex of Pigs at Birth.

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has been collecting information with a view to ascertaining the relative proportion of the two sexes of pigs at birth. Reports were received from eighty-two breeders, located in twenty-three different states and territories, representing eight different breeds—Berkshire, Chester Whites, Duroc-Jerseys, Hampshires, Large Yorkshires, Ohio Improved Chesters, Poland-Chinas and Tamworths. One thousand four hundred and seventy-seven litters were reported, with a total of 13,285 pigs, of which there were 6,660 boars and 6,625 sows. This shows the proportion to be almost equal, there being 1,005 boars to every 1,000 sows, or 201 boars to every 200 sows.

Care of the Wood Lot.

The department of agriculture in a recent bulletin gives some simple and very practical directions for caring for the wood supply on the farm. This is a timely discussion, as the wood lots are in a badly depleted condition. As a rule, very little attention has been given to this subject and when wood is needed but little, if any discretion is exercised in the selection of the trees for cutting, and they are seldom guarded from fires or forest enemies.

Only two things are necessary in caring for the wood lot, and these are protection and selection in cutting.

The old time that some system was used in dealing with our wooded areas, as they are gradually growing less and the demand for wood is constantly growing greater. The farmer must, as a rule, depend on the wood lot on his farm for his fuel supply, and he should therefore give it his consideration and care. If no system is used the cutting of trees for fuel and the brush and dead tree tops are not taken out to make room for the young growth there will come a time when this supply is exhausted.

The effect of the lessening forest areas on the climate and the rainfall of the country is very marked. It is claimed that streams and rivers in some of our eastern states are considerably smaller than they were years ago. The Ohio river, for instance, because of the clearing of the timber lands in the Alleghanies, has decreased in size to a marked degree.

The wholesale cutting of timber should cease and it is for this end that the forest service is working by making wise regulations and investigating the best methods for protecting our forest areas.

Thorough Cultivation.

Thorough and frequent cultivation is regarded by many as the best mulch for spring, summer and fall, which induces the roots to seek food in every direction, thereby becoming more numerous and deeply imbedded, as well as going further beyond the penetration of cold in winter. In this condition it is only in climates where the cold is severe that a covering of straw or other bulky material is required. Such coverings should be removed as early in spring as the season as permit, and the cultivator used, if the crop is such as to permit of its use. Even in the fall a thorough stirring of the soil will admit the air and afford protection in the winter, but it is possible that late stirring of the soil, leaving the ground bare in the winter season, may permit of loss of fertility of the soil, by leaching of the soluble portions by rains and melting snows, to avoid which some farmers sow the land to rye late in October and plow it under early in the spring.

Saddle Horses.

In army circles there is a growing demand for cavalry horses. The growing popularity of draft horses among farmers is assigned as a principal reason for this shortage in the saddle horse class. A recent tour of Kentucky and other states by a German army officer was made in search of horses suitable for cavalry and artillery purposes, but there was much disappointment in the number and kind of horses available. The price is much advanced over a few years ago, but the needed supply is not in sight. To be able to receive tenders of from $125 to $200 per head for this class of horses is a matter of no profit to the man who has nothing to offer. The situation well illustrates the old saw that the broomaker should stick to his last. The fellow who has stuck to the special purpose saddle horse would find a field of special profit just now in his line of business. And we do not doubt that if properly exploited the saddle horse business would stand on its merits through the natural life of the young man of today. When there is a stampede in other directions is a good time to stay with good saddle horses.

Fall Care of Sows.

One farmer writes: "I only feed enough corn to keep the sow looking well. As soon as she is bred I turn her out on pasture, clover or alfalfa being desirable. Once each day I give her a gallon of sweet milk, and in the evening a feed of equal parts ground oats and wheat bran. Bran is a good feed, because it keeps the bowels open; then it contains much phosphorus, which is needed in the formation of structure in the unborn pigs. At all times the sow has all the water she can drink."

Another writes: "If any one thing is needed more than another it is pasture. A sow can be carried through the summer on good clover pasture and one ear of corn per day. The best luck I ever had with fall sows was carrying them through on this ration. Corn should never make up the entire ration. If but one grain can be provided, ground oats are much better. If there are too many hulls, remove them by soaking a few minutes in water. The hulls will rise to the top and can be skimmed off with the hands. Equal parts of ground oats, chopped rye, and bran make a mighty good ration for the sow. It is cooling and bulky. Corn is the direct opposite, heating and concentrated. For about three weeks before farrowing I feed only about one ear of corn each alternate day to each sow. The animal is allowed to run in the pasture every day till she farrows. Pasture grass is nature's own feed."

Still another writes: "Never feed corn, except to give a little variety. Sows needing milk and corn does not possess this quality. If pasture cannot be provided, mow a little clover and throw it in the pen for the sow to eat. In addition to this, feed bran, chopped oats and rye. Never give more than one ear of corn per day to each sow."

Soft Shelled Eggs.

The poultry raiser no doubt wonders what causes the presence of so many soft shelled eggs at this time of the year. Some of the eggs are entir

A Square-Deal

s assured you when you buy one of Dr. ierce's Family Medicines—for all the in- redients entering into them are printed on he bottle-wrappers and attested under ath as being complete and correct. They re gathered from Nature's laboratory, eing selected from the most valuable na- ve, medicinal roots found growing in our merican forests. While potent to cure hey are perfectly harmless even to the ost delicate women and children.

Not a drop of alcohol enters into r. Pierce's leading medicines. A uch better agent is used both for tracting and preserving the me- cinal principles, viz.—pure triple- fined glycerine of proper strength. is agent possesses medicinal roperties of its own, being a most luable anti-septic and anti-fer- ent, nutritive and soothing de- ulcent.

Glycerine plays an important rt in Dr. Pierce's Golden Med- l Discovery in the cure of indi- stion, dyspepsia and weak stom- h, attended by sour risings, eartburn," foul breath, coated ngue, poor appetite, gnawing eling in stomach, biliousness and ndred derangements of the stom- h, liver and bowels.

For all diseases of the mucous embranes, the "Golden Medical scovery" is a specific. Catarrh, nether of the nasal passages or of e stomach, bowels or pelvic or- ns is cured by it. In Chronic tarrh of the Nasal passages, it is ll, while taking the "Golden dical Discovery" for the neces- y constitutional treatment, to anse the passages freely two or ree times a day with Dr. Sage's tarrh Remedy. This thorough rse of treatment generally cures en in the worst cases.

In coughs and hoarseness caus- by bronchial, throat and lung fections, except consumption in advanced stages, the "Golden dical Discovery" is a most effici- t remedy, especially in those ob- inate, hang-on-coughs caused by itation and congestion of the onchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate hang-on, or chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, **it is the best medicine that can be taken.**

It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to endeavor to palm off upon you some nostrum of *unknown composition* in place of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines which are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Most dealers recommend Doctor Pierce's medicines because they know what they are made of and that the ingredients employed are among the most valuable that a medicine for like purposes can be made of. The same is true of leading physicians who do not hesitate to recommend them, since they know exactly what they contain and that their ingredients are the very best known to medical science for the cure of the several diseases for which these medicines are recommended.

With tricky dealers it is different.

Something else that pays them a little greater profit will be urged upon you as "just as good," or even better. You can hardly afford to accept a substitute *of unknown composition* and without any particular record of cures in place of Doctor Pierce's medicines which are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION and have a record of *forty years of cures* behind them. *You* know what you want and it is the dealer's business to supply that want. *Insist upon it.*

QUESTION BUREAU?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post- ce address must be on the sheet with question. Initials will not do. 2.— k only one question; that is, there y be several questions on the same ject, but not different subjects. 3.— e editor of the Bureau is not allowed give the address of any person or m, nor ass to the reliability of y person or firm, nor to tell where u can buy anything or sell anything nothing in the way of free advertis- g. 4.—We reserve the right to decline answer any question not of general erest to a majority of our readers. —We will not answer any questions religious topics,—no questions in- ving dogma or doctrine, or of Bib- al interpretation; no prices of old ns or stamps; no arithmetical or ematical questions. 6.—Don't ask plies by mail. If a question is of neral interest to our readers, we will ply in print, but never by mail.

aning of Referendum.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you ase give the meaning of the word ferendum,' which is used very often print? Why not print the word in language, which would make it intelligible for the English-speak- g people?—J. C., Alton, Ill.

The meaning of referendum has been plained in these columns a number times, and it is not difficult to under- nd. It simply means the submission a proposed public measure or law, ich has been passed upon by the ple's representatives in a legislature convention, to a vote of the peo- for ratification or rejection. The ferendum gives the people the right decide by vote what shall and what all not become law.

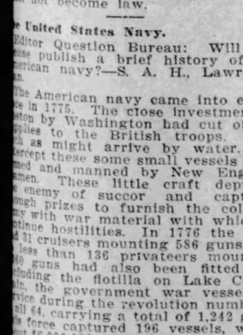
e United States Navy.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you ase publish a brief history of the erican navy?—S. A. H., Lawrence, n.

The American navy came into exist- e in 1775. The close investment of ston by Washington had cut off all pplies to the British troops, save as might arrive by water. To ercept these some small vessels were ed and manned by New England men. These little craft deprived enemy of succor and captured ugh prizes to furnish the colonial with war material with which to ntinue hostilities. In 1776 the navy d 31 cruisers mounting 586 guns, and less than 1300 privateers mounting guns had also been fitted out. nding the flotilla on Lake Cham- n, the government war vessels in ce during the revolution numbered ll 64, carrying a total of 1,242 guns. e force captured 196 vessels, worth ut $6,000,000, and the privateer aux- iliaries, numbering 792, mounting over 13,000 guns, took 600 British ships, valued at $18,000,000. The Hancock, Randolph, Raleigh and other cruisers, authorized by congress, were excellent ships, and the Alliance and Confederacy, built toward the close of the war, had no superior afloat. When independence was achieved all progress stopped, the vessels were sold, and the men discharged. In 1794 a law re-establishing the navy was enacted, and six frigates authorized. Of these the Constitution, Constellation and United States were constructed. Under the pressure of French spoliations the navy was increased, and at the beginning of the quasi-war with France in 1798 it aggregated 22 ships, with 456 guns and 3,484 men. During the two and a half years of hostilities this force captured 84 French armed vessels, mounting over 500 guns. At the end of this war the naval force was cut down to 15 vessels, and the dey of Algiers was given 26 barrels of silver dollars and the fine frigate Crescent to induce him to let United States commerce alone. But when Tripoli stepped up with a similar demand the navy was rejuvenated, destroyed the Barbary pirates and came out of the war of 1805 with some prestige as a power to be reckoned with.

When the war of 1812 began the navy had 17 ships, carrying 442 guns and 5,025 men. The British navy, fresh from the victories of Trafalgar and the Nile, had over seven times this force on the North American station alone. Within seven months the United States had reduced three British frigates to wrecks and taken 500 merchantmen. By the time the civil war broke out the steam vessel had became developed. Between 1856 and 1859 were built the Niagara, Colorado, Merrimac, Wabash, Minnesota and Roanoke, frigates, and the Brooklyn, Lancaster, Hartford, Richmond, Pensacola, Pawnee, Michigan, Narragansett, Dacotah, Iroquois, Wyoming and Seminole, sloops. Meanwhile the Dahlgren shell gun began to supersede the older type of smooth bore. When the civil war begun, of 90 vessels on the list 42 were in commission and the rest unserviceable. The sailing ships still carried the 32-pounders and 8-inch shell guns, and only steamers were provided with Dahlgrens. When the war opened the navy had 1,- 7 officers and 7,600 seamen; when it closed the officers numbered 7,500 and the seamen 51,500; 208 additional vessels were built and 418 purchased. The total number of confederate or British vessels captured or destroyed was 1,- 504, valued at $31,000,000, and the net proceeds of property seized on the blockade which was maintained over more than 3,000 miles of coast was $20,- 501,927. The cost of the navy throughout the civil war was $314,000,000. The total number of ships of all classes in the navy in December, 1864, was 671. The greatest naval development of this war was the Monitor. It revolutionized marine warfare. After the close of hostilities the navy was rapidly reduced, the total number of vessels in commission in the fall of 1866 being but 115.

It was in 1881 that Secretary Hunt appointed an advisory board to determine the requirements of a new navy. It recommended 21 armored vessels, besides 70 unarmored, together with rams, and declared that the material of all should be steel. That was the beginning of the end of the iron navy, although iron had never fully given way to wood. In May, 1887, contracts were signed with the Bethlehem Iron company for gun forgings and armor plates, and in the same year the now great naval gun factory in the Washington navy yard was begun. The first vessels of the new steel fleet were the Dolphin, built in 1884, and the Atlanta, Boston and Chicago, turned out in the following year. The increase of the navy was rapid, and the outbreak of the Spanish war in 1898 found the navy equipped with 77 vessels, including several coastline batteries. This war found the navy ready and capable. It has been largely increased, and is being continually enlarged, and need fear no power afloat.



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Name.....

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George Eliot.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a sketch of the life of George Eliot, the novelist.—A. P., Middletown, Ind.

Of course our inquirer understands that George Eliot is the pen name of Mary Ann or Marian Evans Cross. She was born at Arbury farm, Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. She received her early education at Attleborough and Coventry, and sooner or later either under the tuition of masters or by teaching herself, acquired a knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, German and Italian; she also studied Hebrew, and for some time devoted herself to the study of music, becoming an excellent piano player. Her first literary undertaking was the continuation of Strauss' Life of Jesus commenced by her friend, Mrs. Hennell, and completed by Miss Evans in 1846. In 1849 she went abroad, returning to England next year, and in 1851 took up her abode as a boarder in the house of John Chapman, editor of the Westminster Review. This connection led to her being attached to that publication as a subscriber. Her principal work was the writing of summaries of contemporary literature. In 1857 she came prominently into public notice through a series of tales entitled Scenes from Clerical Life, which appeared in Blackwell's Magazine. The editor was informed that he was to know the author of these stories as George Eliot. It was not long afterward when the first chapters of Adam Bede began to appear and attract attention. The credit of authorship was openly ascribed to various persons of more or less note, and was claimed by others. But the secret leaked out, and months before her second novel, The Mill on the Floss, was published, it was well known in literary circles that George Eliot was none other than Marian Evans, the Westminster reviewer. In 1861 Silas Marner, an interesting tale of humble country life, appeared. Two years later she gave to the world Romola, an historical novel of Italian life in the time of Savonarola, which is considered by a select few as her greatest intellectual achievement. Then followed other stories, and meanwhile she had acquired some renown as a poet through the publication of several volumes. Her last work was a series of essays. In May, 1880, she married Mr. John Cross, but died rather suddenly at Chelsea, December 22, of that year. Her life was published in 1885 by her husband.

Custer and His Last Battle.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please give an account of the life and exploits of Gen. Custer; also of the battle in which he was killed.—D. F., Flora, Ill.

George Armstrong Custer was born at New Rumley, O., December 5, 1839. He was graduated from West Point in June, 1861, and his first day at the front was at Bull Run, on Kearny's staff. He then went on Smith's staff, in charge of balloonreconnaisances; then, for daring courage and endurance, was appointed on McClellan's and captured the first colors taken by the Army of the Potomac. In 1863 he went on Pleasonton's staff; shortly after, for dashing gallantry, was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, commanding a Michigan cavalry brigade. He made it famous, and foiled Stuart at Gettysburg, for which he was brevetted major in the regular army. In 1864 his brigade was assigned to Sherman's corps, and he was noted as one of the most brilliant officers in the Virginia campaigns, winning steady promotions; brevet lieutenant-colonel for Yellow Tavern, brevet colonel for Winchester, October 9, in command of the third division, he won the splendid victory of Woodstock; on the 19th, at Cedar Creek, he contributed largely to the Confederate defeat, made familiar by "Sheridan's ride," and was brevetted major-general of volunteers. In the spring of 1865 his division by itself won the battle of Waynesboro, capturing 1,600 prisioners and 11 guns, and followed it up by annihilating Early's command and capturing all the rest of his artillery and his baggage. He fought at Five Forks and Dinwiddie Court House, and was brevetted brigadier-general, United States army. After the surrender at Appomatox he was brevetted major-general of United States army, and appointed major-general of volunteers. Assigned to duty in Texas, then appointed chief of cavalry till mustered out of the volunteer service, he asked permission to accept Juarez's offer of the chief command of Mexican cavalry against Maximilian. Refused leave of absence, he took the lieutenancy of the seventh cavalry, and joined it at Fort Riley, Kansas, in November, 1866, under Hancock, who was succeeded by Sheridan in the summer of 1867. Shortly after this Gen. Custer saw his first Indian service, and closed a campaign against the Cheyennes in 1868 by the crushing victory of the Washita, where 103 Indian warriors were killed and the tribe forced to return to their reservation. For two years or more he was stationed in Kentucky, and in the spring of 1873 he was sent to Dakota to make head against an Indian insurrection organized by Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, comprising the Sioux and a mass of other tribes in Dakota, Montana, Wyoming. He fought a number of battles and opened up the Black Hills country. In the spring of 1876 Sheridan made ready for a decisive blow, sending three divisions under Crook, Terry and Gibbon to unite and crush Sitting Bull on the Yellowstone. Terry and Gibbon united without discovering the Indian army. Crook beat up Crazy Horse's band, and after a sharp skirmish the whole Indian force of 5,000 or 6,000 moved to the Little Big Horn. They were discovered by Terry's scouts, and Terry sent Custer in advance, with his cavalry regiment of 600 men and 11 companies, to bar their escape east. He was to wait for the main body in the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn, June 26. Custer arrived there the night of the 24th; his scouts discovered the Indian village the next morning; from imperfect information he over-rated it as they were only 1,200 or 1,500 Pawnees he had known were marching to join Sitting Bull, and he resolved to surround and capture them all. The Indians were on a ridge west of the Little Big Horn. Custer kept five companies, 260 men in all, for a direct attack on the center, gave four to Major Reno to assail their left (south), and two to Capt. Benteen to make a southern detour of two miles and come on their right rear cutting off their retreat. The Indians had broken up their tents and were about to retreat when they discovered the weakness of Custer's attacking force. The three divisions forded the river, and Custer rode for the heart of the Indian line. A rise across the stream masked the enemy, many hundreds of whom lay in a ravine between it and the higher ridge beyond; and as Custer swept down, the savage hordes against him and swarmed around to his rear. Although outnumbered 20 to 1 the heroic band still fought their way to the ridge, and a small number with their general reached it; then a fresh band of 1,000 Cheyennes rode up, under Rain-in-the-Face, and not a soul was left alive. Meantime Reno had been repulsed and had taken refuge across the creek. Benteen never reached the neighborhood of the fight, but rejoined Reno on a bluff on the east, where they held the Indians at bay till Terry arrived next morning. The bodies of the slain division were left as they lay, all horribly mutilated except Custer's. Forty-two Indians were killed.

Governor Hughes.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a sketch of the life of Governor Hughes, of New York.—G. F. H., Alanson, Mich.

Charles Evans Hughes was born at Glens Falls, N. Y., April 11, 1862, son of Rev. David C. Hughes. He was graduated from the Brown university in 1881, and from the Columbia Law school in 1884. Four years later, in Brooklyn, he was married to Antoinette Carter. He was admitted to the New York bar in 1884, and practiced in New York from the time of his admission till 1891. He was professor of law, contracts, evidence, etc., at the Cornell university school of law from 1891 to 1893, and from the latter year to 1895 was a special lecturer at the university. He was a trustee of Brown university. He was a member of the law firm of Hughes, Rounds & Schurman. He was the Republican nominee for mayor of New York in 1905, but declined the nomination. He gained national prominence as the attorney for the Armstrong commission of the New York legislature, investigating the methods of the large life insurance companies, resulting in many sensational revelations. It was the character of the man revealed to the public largely through this work that induced President Roosevelt to urge his nomination for governor, in which he was successful, after his memorable campaign against William R. Hearst. Since assuming the office of governor Mr. Hughes has frequently shown his independence of all bosses and bossism.

Shakespearean Quotation.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me where in Shakespeare I can find the quotation, "He who steals my purse steals trash"?—M. B. J., Persinger, W. Va.

You will find it in Othello, act iii., scene 3, as follows:

"Good name in man and woman, dear, my lord.
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

Santo Domingo.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief history of Santo Domingo strength of army and navy and chief seaport.—J. L. M., Comanche, Tex.

The history of Santo Domingo was given in these columns not long since, and we can make only brief reference to it now. On his first voyage to America Columbus visited the island and left a few of his men on the north coast. These were killed by the natives, but the colony of Isabella, established on his second voyage, endured until the colonists were transferred to a more healthful locality. His settlement on the south coast, near the present city of San Domingo, was made during his third voyage, that of 1498. The cultivation of sugarcane began in 1506. Three years later Christopher and Bartholomew Columbus were imprisoned by Robadilla in the citadel of San Domingo. The natives were set to work in the mines and fields, and soon shploads of Indians were being transported from other islands to replace those who died under the hardships of this forced labor. Negroes were brought from Africa for the same purpose. There was a short period of prosperity, but the most enterprising colonists were eventually drawn away by the superior attractions of Mexico and Peru, and the country began to suffer from the attacks of English and French buccaneers, who established their headquarters on a small island near the northwest corner of Haiti. In the course of a century and a half the section west of the Despoblado, and now known as the republic of Haiti, was won for France. The Spanish government at the close of the 18th century abandoned the eastern section as well, the entire island passing, first, under French control, but soon afterward the successes of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines, united west and east in one country, independent of the European powers and governed by the black revolutionists of Haiti. Between 1801 and 1809 Spain held the eastern section, and the old name Santo Domingo was revived with that limited application; but in the year last named the San Domingoans revolted. Many of the Spanish families withdrew permanently from the island. San Domingo and Haiti were united from 1822 to 1843, together forming the republic of Haiti. The final separation took place in 1844, when the Dominican republic was established. The country is divided into six provinces and five maritime districts, each administered by a governor appointed by the president.

The chief port is Puerto Plata, on the north coast, which is also an important cable station. A regiment of soldiers is usually stationed in each province, and these, with the reserve corps, constitute the army. There is no navy, unless we may call three or four small gunboats owned by the government a navy.

The Civil War Debt.

Editor Question Bureau: Has the civil war debt been paid? And is the interest being paid? Some say it has, but I say it has not.—B. F. W., Millsgrove, Ind.

We assume that it is generally understood that the present national debt is mainly for the civil war, and the principal is being reduced and interest paid. We do not deem it of sufficient importance to go into full details to answer the above questions. The history of the civil war debt is a financial record which it is difficult to keep separate from a general history of currency, and it cannot be briefly outlined for the reason that so many devices were utilized in the way of paper money, from postage stamps to interest-bearing bonds circulating as cash.

The Flying Dutchman.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief account of Vanderdecken and the Flying Dutchman.—D. B. F., Flora, Ill.

The Flying Dutchman is a phantom ship said to be seen in stormy weather off the Cape of Good Hope. In the English form of the legend Vanderdecken is the captain of the ship, which is doomed never to enter port on account of a murder committed on board; another form has it that the captain swore a profane oath that he would weather the cape, though he should beat there till the last day. He was taken at his word, and there he still beats, but never succeeds in rounding the point. He sometimes hails vessels and requests them to take letters home from him. The legend is supposed to have originated in the sight of some ship reflected from the clouds. It has been made the groundwork of one or two novels and an opera by Wagner.

Persian People and Industries.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell me of the people of Persia, and of their industries, carpet and rug weaving?—F. B., Steubenville, O.

The population of Persia is about 9,000,000. The majority of these people are engaged mainly in agriculture, and the best wheat in the world, together with other cereals, is raised, and cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco are produced in the southern provinces. The wandering tribes dwell in tents, and move about with their flocks and herds, as the seasons succeed each other, spending the spring and summer on the mountain slopes and the winter on the plains. The only instruction of the bulk of the population is from the teachings of the Koran, but there are a great number of so-called colleges supported by public funds, where students are instructed not only in religion and Persian and Arabic literature, but also in scientific knowledge.

Persian tapestries and brocades are wrought in silks of wonderful fabric and color. The richly embroidered shawls and portieres of Kerman still prevent their artless combinations of palm leaves with soft coloring of the floral borders. There are also elaborate embroideries wrought upon velvets with gold and crimson thread. When made for the royal family these were sometimes embossed with precious stones. The silken rugs of Persia still lead the markets of the world. They are all made by hand, the basic work being stretched upon frames, and often a whole family will be engaged in working upon one of them. A design or a pattern rug lies before them and they follow the figures, with more or less precision; but the owner of an old Persian rug may be sure to find no others exactly like it. The silken rugs are used mostly for hanging, although they are sometimes placed upon the floors. The woolen rugs are often heavy, and some of them never leave the country on account of their great bulk and weight. The colors are soft and rich as an old Dutch painting, while their durability seems almost unlimited.

Miscellaneous.

L. W. D., Spartansburg, Pa.: Eugene Field is dead. If you will read the Question Bureau in Blade of July 28, you will find a sketch of his life.

G. B., Winslow, Ind.: The Bureau cannot give you the sketch you ask for.

F. M., Virginia City, Va.: If you will read the colonial history of Virginia, you will there find the names of the colonial governors.

J. J. S., Buffalo, N. Y.: Intelligent answers to your question would take up more space than the Bureau can devote to the subject. Go to your public library and you will be directed to the books that will give you the information you want.

V. G., Hamilton, Ind.: We would advise you to write to the general land commissioner, Washington, D. C. We cannot give you the information you want.

A. J. P., Howell, Wash.: We cannot advise you as to a method of obtaining publication of poems. The author who has something worth selling can find a buyer by entering the literary market and submitting it to publishers, but there must be merit in the "wares" offered.

CHOCOLATE CANDIES UP IN PRICE

Pure Food Laws Are Held to Be Responsible for the Advances.

It is natural that there should be a wave of resentment at the announced advances in the price of chocolate and cocoa. More of all kinds of chocolate products than ever before are now consumed in the United States, and, as the number of manufacturers is growing less, the few larger ones are growing wealthy in the industry.

No longer will the creamy chocolate candies be had at the usual prices. From five to seven cents a pound have been added. Doubtless this change will have little effect on the consumption, however, and those summer veranda delicacies—the bitter sweets—will continue in popular vogue.

September is the second picking season of the cocoa beans for the year in the native jungles. The first crop is gathered in April and May, while a new yield is developing for August and September. The crops are heavy in Mexico, Guatemala and South America and the West Indies, but, so it is said, the demand has increased faster than has the supply.

According to a manufacturer's view of the situation the pure food laws of the country are responsible for the advances. As contemplated in the national pure food law a ban has been put over all impure substitutes formerly used in the formula for chocolate making, and even the presence of artificial ingredients must be distinctly labeled. Consequently the tendency has been toward better candy and better food products generally.

It costs actual money to be protected by the law, and candy eaters will help pay the charges in this way.

Chocolate and cocoa have been used as food for centuries, the Spaniards being the first to recognize its nutritive value more than three centuries ago. In the United States alone the consumption of chocolate as food in different forms has increased from 1,181,054 pounds in 1860, to more than eighty-two million pounds last year. With such an enormous supply the advance of prices seems to be unwarranted to an observer.

The manufacturers explain this way: Demand for chocolate and cocoa has exceeded the natural supply; pure food laws have prohibited substitutes for pure sugar, spices and flavoring extracts, and wages demanded by candy workers have advanced about 25 per cent, raising the cost of making that much in the last four years.

J. B. Friend, of Toledo, an ex-manufacturer of candy, and one who has watched the market in anticipation of a change for higher prices resulting from the new laws, says the situation is perfectly natural and withal tends for better goods.

From the state of raw material in the tropical jungles to the cake of sweet and bitter chocolate is a long stride in the process of refining the cocoa bean. Natives pick the beans, slice them and dry the inside nuts or kernels; then Americans extract the chocolate liquor and make delicious candies famed in every country. Although foreigners prefer the American candy, it is denied them by the prohibitive tariffs. According to American taste the foreign made candies are not good.

Chocolate and Cocoa Confounded.

The names of chocolate and cocoa are often confounded, though there is a wide difference in their preparation. Cocoa is the powdered nuts mixed with flour or other farinaceous matter and handled commercially in that condition. Chocolate is the rich substance of the cocoa nut pressed in liquid form under great pressure, and to obtain which has been added sugar, spices and flavoring, such as vanilla or cinnamon. It is then molded in tins and marketed in form of cakes.

The cocoa tree is purely a tropical plant, and will naturally not grow in the cooler climates. Though nature has selected for it a hot country, protection from the hot sun is required, and at intervals through the plantations are planted shade trees which spread their sheltering branches over the lower cocoa plants.

The cocoa tree seldom attains a height to exceed twenty-five feet and its branches leave the main trunk close to the ground, generally four or five in number. From four to six inches long, the leaves are evergreen, of smooth surface. The blossoms grow among the leaves, and appear in January and July on the main trunk and branches. They are small, pink in color and have a wax-like appearance. About seventy days after the flowers fall, the cocoa pods appear, and by the time for picking it has reached a length of from eight to fifteen inches.

A picking instrument similar to an American tree trimming pole is used by the natives to gather the pods, which have turned to a purple hue and grown hard. They are at once sliced open and the twenty to thirty nuts removed to the sunshine on skins and dried. In the pod the nuts are developed in a liquid substance, which also dries when exposed to the air. When thoroughly dried, the nuts are placed in bags for exportation to countries where the finer work is done. Inhabitants of the growing countries use the cocoa nut to some extent as food, but they have not attained any reputation as candy makers, and leave that to the Americans chiefly.

A plantation of 3,000 acres will yeild about 2,000,000 pounds of cocoa beans a year, or 700 pounds to the acre. The trees are planted in rows four or five feet apart, and a large tree often yields thirty pounds, though the average yield of a tree is some less than half that amount.

In the state of dry beans the cocoa is received at the manufactories in America and Europe. In this country the larger houses are located in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The nuts are first scalded, their outer skins removed and then pressed, in which manner a liquid, called pure chocolate liquor, is obtained. The crushed nuts are next reduced to powder, making cocoa. This is mixed with some flour-like substance, so it will dissolve entirely in milk or water. It is handled in cans.

The chocolate liquor is almost odorless and is of bitter taste. It is the pure chocolate liquor that is used for cake coatings and much of the candy. The sweet chocolate is the result of mixing the liquor with sugar, spices and flavorings. Water is added to the mixture, forming a paste, and then it is molded in cakes for market.

Women Do Most of Work.

A large share of the work in cocoa and chocolate refineries is done by women, both in the United States and in the foreign manufactories. In the early days all the grinding was done by hand on a flat stone, ad later in a mortar. Long ago these methods were used in Trinidad, and it was then that the good name of Trinidad chocolate originated.

The temptation for using adulterants is greater in the making of candy and in preparing chocolate for that special use. Artificial extracts and preservatives of all kinds were made an important part of the industry. Therein was much of the profit. The aim of the pure food law is to prohibit these and its object is publicity.

Glucose, though cheaper than cane or beet sugar, is not used as an adulterant so much as for a finisher. Chemists say that glucose contains no injurious properties, as it is made of the pure starch taken from corn. At best it has only two-thirds of the sweetening power of cane sugar, yet it is no less harmful. Some cheap candies, found in penny goods, are made entirely of glucose, while even the most expensive contains a small proportion of the corn product. In the higher grades of confections glucose is used, not as a substitute for sugar, but in the place of cream of tartar to soften the grain of sugar, for which purpose only a small portion is used. As a finisher to the fillers of high grade chocolate creams it is in general use. It will not crystallize and lacks the grit of cane sugar.

THE PEARL.

Above the mangrove swamps and gray lagoon,
A star woke from her maiden, dream-less sleep;
Her sisters wondered as they watched her weep,
Wreathed with the lace veil of the Tropic moon.
Till, o'er the shrill shriek of the startled loon,
White shapes of horror through the ooze slime creep.
Down through the silence of the rotting Deep
Her tear dropped in a shell, a God sent boon!
God sends his teardrops both to me, and thee,
That with the alchemy of patient prayer,
We mold it in Faith's shell, 'neath Sorrow's sea,
Till Hope's white pearl be born, divinely fair,
And Reason learns from Suffering's mystery,
The skillful wisdom of a Father's care.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

VERY SHARP.

Lord Sholto Douglas was talking, at a dinner in Detroit, about American business methods.

"Since I have been a bagman—I mean a drummer—for a jewelry firm," said the young man, "I have learned to admire American business methods tremendously. To succeed her, though, one needs to be very sharp and clever. Indeed, the sharpness and cleverness of American buyers is a constant amazement to me.

"The other day I was in a village general store, endeavoring to make a sale of jewelry, when a farmer entered.

"'Give me,' said the farmer, 'a half pound of tobacco, three bars of soap, five yards of blue baby ribbon and a good pair of suspenders.'

"The articles were brought forth, inspected, approved and wrapped up. They came to 95 cents.

"'Yes,' said the farmer, '95's right. But there's the discount. You advertise a 5-per-cent discount, don't you?'

"'We do, sir,' said the clerk, 'but only on purchases of $1 or over.'

"On the counter lay a basket of pocket combs at 5 cents apiece.

"'Well, I'll just take one of these,' said the farmer. 'That'll make us square.'"

ON THE FARM.

Bronson—"How affectionate your little boy must be to write you a ten-page letter."

Woodson—"Yes; it's all about a white billygoat he wants to bring home."—Harper's Weekly.

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REINCARNATION.

In lonely ways of dim forgotten lands,
Ah, do you not recall how once we went?
Did we not gaze, and hold each other's hands,
In utter ecstasy of sheer content?
As for what we said—we said but nothing;
The naked truth was ours, that needs no clothing.

Strange flowers were near us—nameless to me now—
And strange old cities—were they quick or dead?
We met—we two—the when or why or how
Matters no more. That golden hour is fled.
But ineffaceable its glory lingers,
As melodies survive their primal singers.

And you? The moment eyes encountered eyes,
Yours were alight with memories and with dreams.
You are mine, all mine; you know it. O be wise,
Ere over all our Past and Present streams,
And snaps our secret chains of joy and wonder,
And whelms, and whirls us, impotent, asunder.

Listen. In visions I will come tonight.
And seek with you those old mysterious lands,
And we will see, in the gray uncertain light,
Do you remember?—where the temple stands,
The desolate temple of some faith unknown,
The sunset fading on its solemn stone.

And we will never leave those lands again,
But all that should have been for us, shall be:
Reality foregone, dreams shall remain,
And sweet oblivion cover you and me.
Dare all, renounce all—come! * * * I do not doubt you—
I who have waited centuries without you.

SNUFF AS MEDICINE.

"Oh, yes," said a tobacconist, as he tapped a jar filled with a cinnamon-colored powder, "I sell an ounce or two of snuff occasionally. To the old, as a rule. The young will seldom look at snuff.

"And those who do use it impute medicinal virtues to it. Thus old-fashioned watchmakers, gem cutters and tailors think that a pinch of snuff now and then improves the eyesight. They think it refreshes and fortifies weary eyes as a cup of tea refreshes and fortifies a weary brain.

"Others think snuff cures a cold. Others take it for the headache. Othe rsstill believe that it wards off contagion.

"Personally I believe that snuff taking is less harmful than smoking. Its effect, too, is pleasanter than the effect of smoking—it is a most soothing and fascinating effect, once you get used to it—but the habit is untidy, and therefore it can get no hold upon us in this esthetic age."

HAIR OIL'S RETURN.

The young man's hair, when the barber finished with it, was as smooth and lustrous as a well-brushed silk hat.

"Yes," said the barber, complacently, "that is the fashion now—a head as sleek and shiny as plush. You get the effect with brilliantine. Of course brilliantine is hair oil, plain, old-fashioned hair oil, under a fancy name.

"The point I want to make is that the revival of hair oil is improving the hair. For nearly a generation men had been brushing their hair dry, keeping oil out of it as though oil were a sin, and that crisp, fluffy hair of theirs fell out in handfuls, and the men soon became bald.

"Our fathers used hair oil profusely. That is why they had tidies on the backs in their hair dry. And our fathers had good hair, much better hair than we have.

"But we are now improving. Already, in 75 per cent. of my patrons, I have noticed a new life in the scalp, a vigor, a freshness, such as spreads over the fields in the early spring. It is all due to the return of that fine fertilizer—hair oil—brilliantine, or whatever you choose to call it.

"This is the best brand. One and a half for the small bottle. Three for the large. The larger? Thank you, James, wrap this up at once."

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 175,000

A London bishop has advised men to kiss their wives. Their own wives, mind you.

A St. Louis man is teaching his parrot to say "I need a biscuit." Nature fake!

Nothing pleases the devil more than to find half a dozen lazy men loafing around together.

Some man, who seems not to be afraid of anybody, has called Senator Tillman a "poet and dreamer."

Railroad wrecks have been so numerous this year that it takes a big one to be called a catastrophe.

One of the greatest puzzles to the man who works every day is to understand how the chronic loafer lives.

There are times when it seems almost like a shame to spoil a beautifully-tinted month like October with politics.

When they see a newly-married couple, all that some women will say is that "he will get his eyes open some day."

We don't hear as much of the October bride as we hear of the June variety, but she is just as sweet and lovely.

President Roosevelt may yet have to succumb to the third term movement. Governor Vardaman is attacking him again.

The newspapers are telling of a Pottsdam, Pa., woman who has become too old to enjoy attending funerals.

Man is a slow animal. About the time he has made up his mind that he likes his wife's hat she is ready for a new one.

What has become of the old- fashioned preacher who felt that he had been "called," and praised the Lord for any kind of salary?

Mr. Rockefeller has retired to his winter home in Cleveland, and will probably be glad when it comes time to put up the storm doors.

To the weather bureau Indian summer is nothing more or less than weather. There is no poetry about the weather bureau.

hile everybody is inclined to complain of high prices now, twenty years hence we may be talking about the good old times of 1907.

According to London chemists, two-thirds of the weight of a girl is composed of sugar. And the sweeter she is the lighter she seems.

Although it may be some time before we have universal suffrage, the women should prepare for it by learning how to get off a street car.

There should be a scarcity of cider this year, unless some genius has discovered a way of making sweet cider out of the worm-holes in the apples.

Some candidates for office seem to depend for success on their ability to convince voters that their opponents are little better than horse thieves.

If you have read the President's speeches carefully, you may be able to form a pretty fair idea of what he is going to say in his next message.

After it is through with the plague, San Francisco should begin to feel that it has about reached the bottom of the list of unpleasant things.

The average small boy should be more or less interested in the statement that the state of Washington produced 10,500,000 shingles last year.

While it may be all right for the king of Siam to pay $62.50 for a pair of socks, what sort of king is he who lets the newspapers find it out?

It is no doubt bothering Mr. Fairbanks considerably to know what to do with the sympathy he has received from the so-called personal liberty lovers.

Much has been said as to what constitutes an optimist, but to us the person who can eat a chestnut in the dark comes pretty close to being the real thing.

While Miss Vanderbilt's fiance is said to be a gifted young man, the American people will be more interested in waiting to see how he shines as a steady husband.

Persons [illegible] the Louisiana bears would be silly enough to think it a great honor to come out and get killed by the President, have another guess coming to them.

When Mr. Bryan writes a letter to James K. Jones, and when James K. Jones writes to Mr. Bryan, the whole country soon knows what was in the letters. It is a great stunt.

Lillian Russell is quoted as saying that "divorce is the greatest blessing in the world today." And yet there are a lot of women who never hope to get one, and are still happy.

Uncle Joe Cannon's presidential boom is doing better than some other booms. While there is a possibility of his defeat, he has a solid delegation from the Eighth Michigan district.

The suggestion of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, and Mayor Tom Johnson, as the head and tail respectively of the Democratic ticket, is likely to strike Mr. Bryan as being entirely too playful. Mr. Bryan regards the selection of a presidential ticket as a very solemn matter.

BILL TAFT ABROAD.

Secretary Taft mixed a little tobasco sauce with the flattery he handed the Chinese empire, and it was taken with evident relish. The secretary informed the Chinese that his government was pledged to the open door policy that had been likewise approved by the rest of the civilized world, and would insist on its integrity; that while we could not, and had no desire to, complain if we suffered any loss of trade by reason of policies which China might adopt to reserve trade for herself, insofar as a boycott meant discrimination against this country and in favor of other countries, there would be a protest, and a vigorous one.

That was plain English, but it is also good, wholesome doctrine. The secretary would have China understand that as far as her foreign relations are concerned, she must give Uncle Sam a square deal.

Of course, Secretary Taft put it less bluntly than it is stated here. A diplomat to the manner born, he is in China to strengthen our relations and to stimulate our commerce, and according to the cablegrams from Shanghai, he performed his mission with characteristic finesse and with superb success. The Chinese merchants, members of the guilds that instituted the boycott, heard him and applauded him.

Then the secretary, with evident knowledge of the fear that is uppermost in the Chinese heart, assured them that his country has no intention of selling out its Asiatic possessions; that the Philippines would remain our property until we give them their independence. This information tickled the mandarins and the merchants. The islands in question would be a desirable base of operations for any nation that might have a quarrel with China, whereas, as long as they float the American flag, they serve as a fender to China from foreign encroachment.

Thus from Japan to China, from China to Russia, and thence across the continent, Secretary Taft is journeying, making neighborly calls and talking over matters of vital interest to the world. If there are differences to adjust, he suggests the way; if there are warnings to be given, he coats them with sugar and hands them over so daintily that none can take offense. But wherever he goes, he leaves the impression of his own individual strength exerted on all occasions for the exaltation of his country.

O. K. FOR TOLEDO.

Commander-in-Chief Burton, of the Grand Army of the Republic, has given Toledo a certificate of ability.

The annual encampment of this national organization indicates its choice for the succeeding encampment. But this expression is not final. In order that there may be no mistake and that the city selected can handle the mammoth undertaking, the executive committee is empowered to investigate, and to make another selection if the investigation shows that the city named by the delegates is lacking in facilities.

So last week Commander Burton, acting for the committee, visited Toledo and met the local committee on arrangements and other citizens. It didn't take long to convince him. He found more enthusiasm than he has witnessed in many a day. He found that our citizens are keenly appreciative of the size of the undertaking and demonstrated to his satisfaction that they will work in harmony to make the encampment one of the most successful in the history of the Grand Army.

CASSIE CHADWICK.

The career of Cassie Chadwick, the notorious woman criminal who died this week in the hospital of the Ohio penitentiary, was remarkable in this, that she succeeded in duping men of business sagacity by the most bungling methods. She is said to have been possessed of a personality that made fools of men. While it is not defined as hypnotism or mesmerism, the effect was the same as if she were a skilled clairvoyant.

Physicians and criminologists who have studied her case deny that she was a criminal by nature, but say she couldn't help going wrong. When she was young she was moral and intellectual but, after a severe spell of sickness she evinced a criminal tendency that increased with years. Assuming this analysis of her character to be correct, it would seem that society is chargeable with gross neglect. A human being so afflicted should be secluded from society and treated as an irresponsible. Prison is not the place for such unfortunates and evidently Governor McKinley took this view of it when he paroled her two or three years after she had been convicted, as Madame Devere, for practicing her forgeries in Toledo.

There are, no doubt, many people in the world who, like this woman, prey on society without exactly knowing why, some perhaps almost unconsciously. They are not criminals in the sense that they willfully seek to injure others, nor are their minds distorted to a degree where a court should adjudge them insane. Yet some of them are incarcerated as criminals, and others confined in insane hospitals. Obviously there is need of an intermediary institution where these abnormal creatures can be under gentle restraint and at the same time be free from the ignominy which attaches to the prison and the hopelessness that hovers over an insane asylum. Their case is one of the perplexities that our civilization has not yet solved.

LUSITANIA. THE QUEEN.

The new Cunarder, the Lusitania, has captured the crown from the Deutschland, and must be hailed as queen of the ocean blue until some other ship shall show greater speed.

On her second trip, the Lusitania covered the distance from Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook in four days and twenty hours, five hours better than she negotiated the distance on her maiden voyage. Her best day's run, 619 knots, and her average speed are also records to be added to her achievement.

It is claimed that the triumph of the Lusitania demonstrates the superiority of the turbine engines over the reciprocating type, but whether this is true or not, the laurel will remain with the turbine as long as these records stand.

Passengers who shared in the record voyage will have something to talk about for probably many years. Reducing the length of a trip across the Atlantic has been a slow process, and it will be slower still in the future. There is a limit to genius in this respect, and thirty years ago the man who would have predicted that a ship would be built to cross in less than five days would have been adjudged crazy. True, the Lusitania may be displaced from the throne within a few years, for German shipbuilders will not admit defeat until they have exhausted every resource, but it is not likely that we shall see a four and a half-day ship in this generation.

THE LATEST DENVER PLOT.

As much as we dislike to think that an Ohio man would send infernal machines to the governor and other officials of Colorado, we must confess to a feeling of relief that the sensational discovery of dynamite in Denver has no connection whatever with the previous dynamite outrages that were the outgrowth of the feud between the mine owners and the miners. Every lawabiding citizen hopes there is an end to the reign of anarchy and assassination that has discredited Colorado and it will be a matter for congratulation if it develops that this latest sensation is the single-handed work of some irresponsible individual.

The disclosures of the Haywood trial were convincing proof that great wrongs have been perpetrated by both parties to the Colorado feud and that peace could settle over that commonwealth if the factions would exercise reason and mutual forbearance. And in the degree that these qualities are quickened the trial at Boise can be considered as productive of beneficial results.

MISS JEANES' BEQUEST.

No one can be certain of the motive that impelled Miss Anna T. Jeanes to attach as a condition to her bequest to Swarthmore college that the institution must not participate in intercollegiate athletics. It may have been a whim merely, and if so is not altogether commendable, or, as is much more likely, she may have been actuated by the belief that this form of athletics is not conducive to the best results in the field of higher education.

But we cannot altogether agree with the Outlook that it is a mistake "for benefactors to accompany gifts with conditions of this kind." Miss Jeanes had the right to do with her property as she saw fit, within certain prescribed limits, and it is fair to assume that she had reasons, which she considered ample, why she should not make the gift unconditional. It is not as if Swarthmore college had no voice in the matter. The trustees of that institution can do as they please about accepting the gift. If they think the condition is unreasonable or one that will curtail the usefulness of the college, they can reject the bequest and it will then be as well off as if Miss Jeanes had not mentioned Swarthmore in her will. If they accept the conditional bequest, it will be proof that they regard $3,000,000 with conditions better than nothing without conditions.

One thing is certain. There is a growing opinion among educators that American colleges and universities are overdoing the athletic question and the excess can be credited almost wholly to the intercollegiate phase of it. The many months of training, the weeks of diet, and the employment of the professional coach are all outgrowths of the rivalry that has been fostered among institutions. Such an elaborate system of preparation could not possibly be demanded by any conceivable rivalry among classes in any college.

And then there is the gambling spirit that has developed out of these intercollegiate contests and grown until it has become a scandal. Many a young man has been ruined morally and financially, and the wonder is that the faculties of American colleges have regarded the matter with so little interest.

If Miss Jeanes was informed on the evil features of intercollegiate athletics and because of her information she made her bequest conditional that Swarthmore eliminate that form of sport, she not only exercised her privilege, but in a way that should commend itself to every parent who has children to educate.

A PLEA FOR ARBITRATION.

Every employer and every workingman should read the extracts from Cardinal Gibbons' excellent paper on the relation between capital and labor, published in The Blade. He defends the combinations of capital and the organizations of labor as being necessary to their best development. The former must be regulated by law, that they may not encroach on the rights of the people, and it is equally important that the latter ever keep in mind that their interests be in the direction of peace and order.

The venerable prelate says:

A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and the hands would be to the physical body.

There is no doubt of the truth of this assertion. It is demonstrated in every conflict between capital and labor. And conflict is so useless. There isn't a difference of this nature that cannot be settled without resort to the methods now in vogue. The laboring man has the right to receive full value for his services, and to work under the best possible conditions. The employer has a right to conduct his business as he wills, as long as he does not tread on the rights of others and keeps within the limitations of the law. It he prefers the service of one man to the service of another, that is his privilege. It follows, therefore, as Cardinal Gibbons says, "that the honest laborer, who is willing to do work which is proper and in no way conflicts with the interests of the community, should be given the opportunity to perform it and to have the same protection from the authorities which is extended to any peaceful citizen, no matter how powerful or influential may be the person or society which opposes him." Obviously, the cardinal has no patience with any form of intimidation, such as the picket or other demonstration, the purpose of which is to drive an honest employe from his post of duty.

Cardinal Gibbons is equally positive in denouncing the boycott as a system disapproved by an impartial public sentiment," and "an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privilege guaranteed by the government to business concerns." What if every fraternal society and every church and other organizations, having a grievance, fanciful or real, against some merchant or manufacturer, should seek revenge by a systematic application of the boycott? The result would be an industrial warfare of such dimensions as to wreck the nation itself. "'Live and let live,'" says the cardinal, "is a wise maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and Christian charity."

And as for the strike, Cardinal Gibbons considers it a form of defense that reacts, injuring the laboring man much more than the employer. The latter is better able to close his mill or factory, than is the employe to live in enforced idleness. It is not only the loss of wages from which he suffers, but there is always a deterioration of morale that does incalculable harm.

The cardinal expresses his firm belief that arbitration offers a cure for industrial disorders and urges organized labor to commit itself to the principle as one that would "be a vast stride in the interests of peace and of laboring men." One thing is certain, if labor should demand arbitration whenever a dispute arose over wages, hours of work or other questions affecting its status, it would speedily win public sentiment to its side and thus be thrice-armored against any arrogant encroachment of capital.

This year's corn crop will average thirty bushels for every man, woman and child in the United States. But what some men will want to know is how much it will average in gallons.

Government scientists have reached the conclusion that hydrophobia is really a disease. Nevertheless, the mad dog story that spreads over six counties in twenty-four hours is often only a fake.

In the East, it is asserted, some astute politicians foresee a hot contest between Taft and Fairbanks. Out this way, however, it is not understood that Taft will make any effort to get the Indianapolis delegation.

A Nebraska editor declares that Mr. Bryan is weaker than he was in 1896, when he was far from being strong enough.

The price of wheat having made a notable advance, some farmers who have a few hundred bushels stored away will walk three times around it to see if it is still there.

Six months ago people would not have believed it possible to live and be reasonably happy without a peach crop.

The absence of newspaper correspondents in the Louisiana canebrakes has no doubt saved the lives of several bears.

Has Success Become a Crime?

The chief purpose of the press used to be to stimulate the ambition of our struggling youth by pointing out the vast possibilities of success in this wonderful liverty-loving land. Formerly the highest praises were lavished on those who were able to accomplish the most with the least. The poor boy who rose to the rank of the millionaire was held up as an example to others who had been nurtured in poverty. The struggling youth were told that in any other country they would live and die on the same level with their parents and grandparents for generations past, but here all had an even chance. The press and public speakers swelled with pride at the possibilities of the American youth. His patriotism was stimulated, his energy stirred, and his ambition strengthened by his hope of rising to the highest places of preferment.

A bank like the Chemical National, of New York, that could earn for its stockholders one hundred per cent per annum in dividends and increase the value of its shares from one hundred to four thousand dollars each, was glorified as a conspicuous example of what thrift and thought could accomplish. The United States Steel Corporation, whose promoters by a comprehensive combination have placed one of America's foremost industries on a stable basis, earning at times a profit of a million dollars a day, and in a single year the staggering aggregate of nearly two hundred million dollars, and which has been a prime factor in the triumph of the American iron and steel maker over all competitors, has been held up as a notable example of what the United States can do.

Sagacious and self-sacrificing prospectors who discovered wonderful mining camps and reaped enormous profits from their enterprise and daring, who made the shares of companies like the Calumet and Hecla increase in value a thousandfold, who enriched themselves and their countless associates far beyond their wildest dreams of avarice, were most highly commended and their deeds extolled. The telegraph operator who became world-famous as the American Carnegie, with his bountiful millions; the stevedore from the dock who rose to the powerful position of a James J. Hill, commanding the treasure-houses of wealth and dominating the railroads of an empire—men of this masterful mould, like Rockefeller and Rogers, Harriman and Frick, who worked up from the farm-house or the umble clerkship to the highest success in their callings, were cited as brilliant examples, and were held up to the admiration of our aspiring youth.

When a foreign visitor from the courts of royalty was entertained a few years ago the American people hastened to point out our great "captains of industry" as the men whose energy and enterprise had won us our proudest renown. "Record earnings" of a railroad, a mine, or a factory were printed, along with "record wages" with gleeful satisfaction. So much for our prosperity, in which all had their share! And so the United States moved onward at a pace that amazed the world. For the first time since the close of the war sectionalism was obliterated, and prosperity did it. All were glad when New England developed our largest cotton and leather industries, and when Pennsylvania drew from its enormous treasure-houses of coal and iron. The patriotic heart of the people rejoiced over the sugar factories of Louisiana, the discoveries of limitless deposits of iron, whether in Alabama or the states of the northwest. The spouting of the oil wells Texas and the Indian Territory, the possibilities of the sugar beet in the irrigated regions of the desert from the Mississippi to the Pacific, the uncovering of the copper deposits of Arizona and New Mexico, and the discovery of the gold which is making the deserts of Nevada hum with life—all were hailed with popular delight. Whenever the touch of prosperity was felt the nation thrilled with rejoicing.

Bigness was formerly the boast of the American—big crops and high prices, big and busy factories and big wages. We need not go back many years to recall the time when the farmers of the west burned their corn because there was no market for it, and when bonfires of cotton illuminated the southern skies. In the present day, when farmers' unions are maintaining the prices of cotton and corn, and labor unions more than ever before are maintaining the scale of wages at the highest figure, the railroads are combining to maintain uniform and profitable rates, and the great industrial combinations are seeking to maintain the price of their commodities on an even basis, and thus to avoid the sudden and disastrous fluctuations which always mean loss and ruin. All are thus aiding in the general prosperity of the people, and we no longer burn our surplus corn and cotton, and the soup-house is a thing of the past.

But we are told that our great industrial and railway corporations are earning too much money, and that their shareholders are getting rich too fast. We are told this by newspapers, many of which are dominated by one man, often a millionaire with more power to mislead, corrupt, and debase the public than any railway or any other corporation can possibly possess. We live at a time when the farmer clears the cost of a farm by the crops of a single year in some instances; when his percentage of profit is not a hundred but a thousand-fold; when labor has its highest reward. Is not invested wealth entitled also to its best return? Should it not have its share in the general prosperity which it has done and is doing so much to create? It is a good time to think of these things, while demagogues are doing their best to drive the wealthy men of the country out of business and into exile. The sensational press is now vilifying the creators of wealth, men noted for their philanthropies and generous deeds, the very men upon whom the press will hasten to lavish its most flattering eulogies as soon as death shall have done its work.

A newspaper owner, whose fabulous family wealth came to his uncalloused hands from his father's good fortune in making mining investments that yielded a profit of a hundred thousand per cent, leads in denouncing a corporation that has not inflated its capital, that has not benefited by the acquirement of valuable public franchises, and that has won its success by the tireless industry and brilliant accomplishments of its management. This corporation is denounced by our contemporary because its profits on its limited capital have been increased, as it asserts, a thousandfold. The same newspaper denounces other great corporations for their ownership of companies engaged in the same line of business, overlooking the fact that the publisher is himself the owner of a dozen daily newspapers scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific and all engaged in bitterly assailing combinations of capital! This gentleman has had some experience in public life. He knows what it is to be misrepresented, vilified, and abused by an opposition press. How would he like to have his books and the books of his late and lamented father opened to the public and every detail of his private affairs made the subject of abusive comment?

The assaults of an unlicensed press upon the railways and industries of the land have caused a shrinkage in the prices of American securities aggregating the frightful total of more than three billion dollars. The closing and partial closing of mines, factories and public and private works, shows that the blow has fallen not only upon the wealthy, but also upon the laboring masses. Worse than all, a spirit of unrest and discord has been aroused that is rapidly dividing the people into classes, and that is more dangerous than the sectional line drawn by our civil war, for it is putting a premium on a revengeful outburst, which, whether in earnest or as a sinister "joke," has been indicated by the placards recently posted in Pittsburg, and reading: "Murder the rich and burn their homes." The incendiary's torch may do its fearful work, but the conflagration which destroys the rich man's palace will ultimately sweep the homes of all.—Leslie's Weekly.

OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD

In a sand-swept belt of Central Babylonia, that country of ancient ruins, in a region dangerous and deserted because far from water, and on the border of the territory of several hostile Arab tribes, lies the low ruin of Bismya. Few explorers have ever visited it, and those few did so at the peril of their lives. Dr. Peters, of New York, while excavating at Nipur, discovered at Bismya a clay tablet of ancient date. German explorers are reported to have said that the ruins originated with the civilization of the Arabs. However, not only the age of the ruins, but the name and history of the ancient city of which they are composed, continued a mystery until recently.

Christmas day, 1903, we began excavating at Bismya, and the result was the discovery of the oldest temple in the world. The walls of the tower soon appeared; the summit was cleared, and the first inscription discovered upon the surface was a brick stamped with the name of Dungi of 2750 B. C. Just beneath it were other bricks bearing the name of UrGur of 2800 B. C.; a little lower appeared a crumpled piece of gold with the name of Naram Sin of 3750 B. C., and just below that level were the large square bricks peculiar to Sargan of 3800 B. C., probably the first of the Semetic kings of Babylonia. Although we had dug, but a meter and a half below the bricks of Dungi, we had revealed several strata extending over the period from 2750 B. C., or more than a thousand years, and still eleven meters of earlier ruins, lay beneath us. We dug lower; unknown types of bricks appeared, and two and a half meters from the surface we came upon a large platform constructed of the peculiar plano-convex bricks which were the building material of 4500 B. C.—Dr. Edgar J. Banks, in September Putnam's.

PROSPERITY IN POTATOES

Potatoes $1 a bushel and yielding from a hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels to the acre, with railroad switches running right through the fields. Such is the story of the prosperity of the potato grower of Indian Territory this season.

Of course, every potato grower did not raise two hundred bushels to the acre, and some of their potatoes do not grade up to the dollar class. But Will Garrett marketed two hundred bushels from an acre on his farm and got $1 a bushel for them, and there are numberless instances where whole fields are averaging from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty bushels an acre.

The potatoes were planted very early this season—most of them in February, and the weather conditions at that time were remarkably good. Later in the season, however, the weather conditions appeared as bad as it was possible for them to get. It was very cold, there was lots of rain, and apparently the potatoes, like all other crops, were doing no good. It has since developed that, while the potatoes were not making vines, they were making good root and spreading out in the ground. The big surprise came when the digging began and the yield was so enormous.—Kansas City Star.

WANT A CENTENARIAN.

German courts appear to take no chances in dealing with applications to presume the death of persons who have long disappeared. The principal Vienna papers publish a long official advertisement from the court at Oberndorf, calling upon one Fidelis Rohr, born April 24, 1770, to appear before the said court some time before Marsh 12, 1908; otherwise he will be declared dead! As Herr Fidelis Rohr would now be 137 years old, were he alive, it is hardly likely that the court will have the pleasure of seeing him.—Vienna Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

VARIETIES

China has the lowest tax rate.

A mouse seldom lives longer than three years.

Centipedes are eaten in some parts of South America.

Australian jewelers rent engagement rings to their customers.

London, according to the census, has just passed the 7,000,000 mark.

People of China are pleased by assurances given them by Secretary Taft.

On an average 102 immigrants from Russia land in New York each day.

Corn and beans are the staple articles of diet of the working classes of Mexico.

Noble county, Indiana, has raised over half a million bushels of onions this year.

The eleventh international navigation congress is to be held at St. Petersburg in May, 1908.

Three big life insurance companies of New York return to the state $61,351 on account of illegal rebates.

Sixty thousand union workers make a demonstration in Budapest and demand the universal ballot.

The floor space of St. Peter's, Rome, is 227,000 square feet, the greatest of any cathedral in the world.

Presbyterian synod at Milwaukee petitions congress to stop Sunday ball playing by soldiers and sailors.

Strict enforcement of contract labor law will be more serious blow to south than at first supposed.

Speaker Cannon, addressing the Illinois Bankers' association at Moline, opposes state ownership of railroads.

An average of 800 persons are killed in the United States each year by lightning. This means one in every 100,000.

John Bull figures out that his country has been successful in 82 per cent of the battles in which it has engaged.

Among the objects found in recent excavations in Egypt was a whole company of wooden soldiers 15 inches high.

Allan A. Ryan, son of Thomas F. Ryan, will, it is said, build a summer home at Suffern, N. Y., to cost $1,000,000.

Steel box cars have been built recently which will weigh about 3,000 pounds less than wooden cars of the same size and capacity.

Louisville, the Kentucky center, though not so well known as Richmond, the Virginia center, is the largest tobacco market in the world.

The mattresses used in the German army are stuffed with little rolls of paper, and are said to be a great improvement on straw.

Government crop report contains no surprises for the trade except for the claim that the spring wheat quality is slightly better than last year.

The Swiss army will soon include a corps of volunteer motorists. They will have a special uniform, and will be armed with revolvers.

The two-year-old daughter of Mrs. Margaret Fung, of Williamsport, Pa., hugged her baby sister so hard that she broke the infant's collarbone.

Sixty-three steam shovels are working on the Panama canal at the present time. Twenty-two other shovels are to be delivered during this year.

Dr. Frank P. Norbury, in addressing the state conference of charities at Jacksonville, declares Illinois is in "nursing-bottle stage" in caring for insane.

Already more than 10,000 schools have been established in China, where Chinese are taught precisely as the youths are taught in the schools of this country.

The rebuilding of San Francisco has been hampered greatly by the very high wage schedule. The rates exceed by a dollar a day the maximum scale in New York.

A commission agent in the Paris fruit markets recently shipped a basket containing 63 selected peaches to London. The price for the lot was $540, or about $9 each.

Of the 306 delegates who, under Conklin's lead, fought like giants for a third term for Grant in the memorable convention of 1880, there are still living only seventy-three.

Trial marriage among the Eskimos of Alaska is a complete success and family discord is unknown, says V. Stefansson, an explorer who arrives in Washington from the north.

Blue ribbon of the seas is yielded by the Germans to the English when the Lusitania steamed into New York harbor, the official time of her voyage being 4 days 19 hours and 52 minutes.

On the occasion of the Austrian Emperor's jubilee next year a special jubilee coinage will be issued, including, particularly, silver five-crown pieces and gold hundred-crown pieces.

A report from Consul E. L. Harris says that the raisin and fig crops of Smyrna have been very seriously damaged by violent thunderstorms, accompanied by hail, in the latter part of August.

Governor Hughes in a speech at Empire State day at the Jamestown exposition says no one can be permitted to put private interest above public advantage in the government of the future.

A physician in Portland, Me., estimated that 2,048 teaspoonfuls of tears or two gallons in all, were shed in one night by the audience that heard Savage's "Madam Butterfly" in that city recently.

Mrs. Anna Davies, whose father, Thomas Ford, as Governor of Illinois, did distinguished service for the state, is found living in deepest poverty at Middletown, Ill., and will go to an almshouse.

New York city is making a marvelous growth in the direction of cheap amusements. There are now 400 one-cent, five-cent and dime places of entertainment, where there was not one 10 years ago.

Eighty-two per cent of the workers engaged in the paper box industry of the United States are women. Among tobacco and cigar operators two-thirds are women and of the bookbinders more than half.

Experiments made by German scientists show that butter keeps best when preserved with from 3 to 5 per cent of salt. If the proportion of salt is higher than that the results are less satisfactory.

By digging a canal from the Rio Grande not far from its mouth to the Mississippi the United States would enjoy an inland waterway 8,000 miles long. The cost of the work is estimated at $4,000,000.

Twenty billion pins and five billion buttons were produced by American factories in 1905. The United States also produced in that year 200,000,000 needles, nearly 490,000,000 safety pins and 250,000,000 hairpins.

The cantaloupe derives its name from the papal palace Cantaluvo, in Ancona, long famous for its melons. The melons which grow wild in some southern countries lack the luscious flavor of the cultivate melon.

Roald Armundsen, the Arctic explorer, who recently made his way through the Northwest passage, has left Christiania for New York city, where he will begin a lecturing tour under the auspices of the Geographical Society.

Several millions of American capital are invested in the copper fields of Central Chili the gold fields of the extreme south and the nitrate fields of the north. The best of feeling prevails toward Americans and American goods.

Glassless goggles for drivers of motor vehicles have thin steel plates in place of the usual lenses. There is nothing brittle to break, endangering the eyes, and three ingeniously arranged slits enable the wearer to see everything in front of him.

Kentucky, with a population of 55 to each square mile, has only 8 1-10 miles of railroad mileage for each 100 square miles, and 14.5 miles for each 10,000 inhabitants. Indiana, with a population of 76 for each square mile, has 19.2 miles of railway per 100 square miles.

A Goldfield millionaire miner has had all the hardware used on the doors and windows of his new residence near Los Angeles gilded with gold from his own mines. This beats Senator Clark, of Montana, who, having made his fortune in copper, bought a bronze foundry to make the decorations with which his New York Fifth avenue mansion is copper-lined.

A mild winter, says John Peterman, Butler's hornet nest prophet, the hornets are building high in the air. If the signs are for severe cold, they build on the ground where the snow drifts over them to protect the larvae from the cold. If they select a place high for their nest, they prophesy a warm, open winter. The corn husks, too, tell of a mild winter, says the hornet nest prognosticator. They are thin and few.—Punxsutawney (Pa.) Spirit.

How to warn off trespassers without spring-guns has been discovered by a canny peasant in the south of France. His woods were invaded by nut pickers. He asked a botanical friend the Latin name for the hazel nut, and put up the following notice: "Caution—All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk. The Corylus Avellana abounds here, as well as other equally venemous snakes." Not a trespasser has ventured into the wood since.

The average fire loss in the United States is said to be more than $2 per head of the population, as compared with only one-third of a dollar in six of the leading European countries. The difference is ascribed to less rigidly enforced building laws. It has an effect on the cost of business generally in this country.

New Zealand, which has been created a dominion, was first discovered by Tasman, the Dutch navigator, in 1642, but it was hardly known prior to the visits of Capt. Cook, who, in 1769 and subsequent years, sailed around the islands and surveyed the coasts. The first European settlement there dates from 1814, and the first systematic colonization from 1838. In 1840 England proclaimed her dominion over the islands. In 1852 a constitutional form of government was established.

GAGGED.

"Poet always goes to the dentist's with his wife."

"An idea! What for?"

"It's the only time he ever has a chance to speak to her."

Failures in U. S. and Canada

Failures in the United States during the third quarter of 1907, according to Dun's Review, show a very large increase in amount of liabilities as compared with the corresponding months of any year for a decade, although the number of defaults was not unusually large. The financial pressure was felt keenly by a number of concerns engaged in manufacture on a large scale The growth of the country in recent years has called for a wide extension of facilities, and a number of firms financing operations with temporary loans found it most difficult to renew them when the season of stress appeared in the money market. In the case of many of these large failures there was plenty of business in sight, and some have made good progress toward solvency under the management of receivers who reduced operations to more conservative limits.

Much less striking was the difference in the trading section, liabilities of $13,149,141 comparing with $10,409,900 and in no case was the amount of loss anything like the increase in the manufacturing class. Liabilities rose about $1,000,000 in hotels and restaurants and also in the miscellaneous class, but the other unfavorable comparisons were not significant, and in five of the fourteen classes liabilities were smaller than last year. The numerical increase of less than 5 per cent was fairly well distributed throughout the list, the largest number of failures occurring in groceries and meats, as usual.

Canadian Failures.

Insolvencies in the Dominion of Canada for the third quarter of 1907 make an unsatisfactory comparison with the same months last year, but the amount involved was almost identical with the figures of 1905. Manufacturing defaults numbered 97 with liabilities of $1,354,536, against 59 last year, while the amount involved was only $687,000. The increase of almost 100 per cent in total indebtedness was chiefly due to a few large defaults in the steel, building, clothing and miscellaneous classes, the difference in no instance amounting to more than $100,000. The increase in number of manufacturing failures was also noteworthy, but was well distributed throughout all the occupations in which any failures occurred.

There were 196 trading defaults with liabilities of $1,195,459 against 174 last year, when the amount involved was $905,219. The largest increase was slightly more than $100,000 in groceries and meats and about the same amount in hardware, while the next largest difference was $80,000 in dry goods. Five of the fourteen trading classes recorded smaller liabilities than in the corresponding three months of 1906, and the third division of brokerage, real estate and similar failures there were four involving $23,700, against two last year for $18,245.

American Cold Waves.

A National Tonic Which Brings Health and Ambition.

Few of us realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the cold wave which in summer and winter so often sweeps across the land and sends the thermometer tumbling 30 degrees in almost as many minutes, we have a constant, a never-diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave acts as a tonic, but, unlike any tonic made by man, it carries no reaction. No other land has cold waves like ours. To the cold, dry air of this periodic cold wave, which brings extraordinary changes of temperature, we owe much of the keen, alert mind, the incessant, unremitting energy of our American race. I had asked the chief of the United States weather bureau, Prof. Willis L. Moore, what was the most remarkable feature of our climate, and that was substantially his reply.

When the amazed European asks us what makes the sluggish mind of the immigrant stir and waken in the United States, and then climb with vigor and confidence to the top rung in the ladder of success, we are accustomed to reply, "It's in the air;" and we are right. The cold wave is born in the heavens, miles above our heads, usually over the Rocky mountain plateau. Suddenly a mass of bitterly cold air will tumble downward on Montana. It rushes down as though poured through an enormous funnel. As it falls it gains momentum, and, reaching the earth, spreads over the Mississippi valley and then over the Atlantic states, covering them like a blanket. It scatters the foul, logy, breath-soaked atmosphere in our towns and cities, and puts ginger in the air. We fill our lungs with it and live.

It is fitting, then, that the United States government spend $1,500,000 a year on its weather bureau, which is more money than all the governments of Europe combined spend for similar service.

Some time ago a skeptical insurance company determined to investigate the amount of property saved in one year by the warnings of the weather bureau. It found that on an average the people of the United States save every year $30,000,000 because of their weather service, which means that they get annually a dividend of 2,000 per cent on the investment.

The eagle watch kept on our turbulent rivers to see that they do not catch unprepared the people living on their banks is one of the most dramatic phases of the work of the weather service. The weather man has learned to read the symptoms predicting a rise or fall as accurately as a physician can count the heartbeats of his patient; he has posted hundreds of rain-gauges throughout the land feeding each river, which tell him the exact number of inches of rain that have fallen. To find the amount of water that will pour into the river is then simply a matter of arithmetic. Twenty-eight days in advance of the disastrous floods of 1903 the forecaster at Washington announced the exact time when the crest of a flood would reach New Orleans, and said the height of the flood would be 21 feet. Punctually to the hour the flood came, and its crest was 20 feet, 7 inches, only five inches less than the height predicted. The immense ocean of water had started 1,000 miles away. It had dropped from the skies over a territory six times larger than the state of New York (over 300,000 square miles); but the weather man knew its rate of march as surely as the engineer, with his eye on the indicator, knows the speed of his locomotive.

Much of the care of the weather bureau has been devoted to developing a perfect system of frost and cold wave warnings. A blighting frost or withering cold wave in early spring or autumn may leave behind blackened orchards, wilted vegetable gardens, and empty pockets. When the weather observer scents a frost in the air conditionsof a certain region he immediately telegraphs to the principal town or city in that region. More than 100,000 telegrams alone are sometimes sent within a few hours. Freight trains are placarded with giant signs which farmers can read far off; in some regions the farmers are warned by a code of whistles from the passing locomotive. In the cold wave of 1898 $3,400,000 worth of fruit was saved by the weather forecasts.

Undoubtedly the features of the weather bureau work which yield the highest returns on our investment are the storm warnings sent to masters of steamers and sailing craft in our ports. We who live in tight city blocks and but rarely venture on the ocean know little of the terrors of a storm. The wind that whistles down the streets, snatching off our hats, may mean a gale at sea of from 40 to 60 miles an hour. Between October and April our coasts are swept repeatedly by mighty storms which are hungry for victims, while often during August and September a West Indian hurricane may tear up the coast. An idea of the commercial value of these warnings may be gathered when we remember that during every year not less than 17,000 vessels, most of them small, and many of them easy prey for storms, leave our ports between Portland and New Orleans. Forty-five minutes after the dictation of a storm warning by Chief Moore at Washington, the warning is placed in the hands of every sea captain in every lake and ocean port of the United States.

The bureau has recently made plans for the exploration of the upper air by balloons. A self-recording instrument of extreme lightness, invented by C. F. Marvin, is attached to a small rubber balloon and set loose. The balloon shoots up four or five miles, getting larger and larger as the pressure of air diminishes, until it finally bursts. The fall immediately opens a parachute, on which the instrument floats down very slowly, recording the character of the air as it descends. The plan is to liberate several hundred of these balloons simultaneously in different parts of the country. As a reward is offered for their return, and as they make very conspicuous objects in the sky, the weather bureau hopes to recover most of the instruments, and thus obtain facts about the upper air currents which are most important and little understood.

Not a single storm has swept across the United States or up or down the coast line within many years that has not been heralded hours or days in advance by the weather bureau. Not has the service allowed a cold wave or a flood to catch us napping. But the weather bureau is ambitious to do more than this. It feels that its present knowledge is too much like that of a man who sees a wild engine tearing down the track and telegraphs ahead for everything to keep out of its way. It desires to know

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

No. 2057—Ladies' Waist. Made with or without a lining, and with high or low neck it is appropriate for any occasion. 6 sizes—32 to 40.

No. 2083—Ladies' Jumper Waist. Worn over a separate guimpe, this model is distinctly stylish. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 2058—Misses' Skirt. A nine-gored double box-plaited model which is fashionable. 3 sizes—13 to 17.

No. 2089—Ladies' Skirt. A nineteen-gored ripple model which is especially good for stout figures. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

No. 2080—Misses' Blouse Waist. A good model for all materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 2085—Ladies' Jacket. The cape sleeves and vest-like front are the latest thing. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

No. 2066—Child's One-Piece Dress. This dainty little model has a yoke with Dutch or high neck. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

No. 2050—Girls' Dress. The plaited skirt and removable shield make this a very desirable model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1531—Misses' Waist. This model is made with a yoke and can be worn with or without the bertha. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1577—Ladies' Shirtwaist. A surplice model worn with or without fancy collar. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1584—Girls' Russian Dress. This two-piece model is charming for the growing girl. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

No. 1517—Misses' Box Coat. A serviceable model capable of being made in any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 2070—Girls' Coat. A three-quarter length model that is very seasonable. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 2064—Misses' Box Coat. Very popular model for broadcloth. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 2059—Ladies' Shirtwaist. In cashmere or nun's veiling this model would be very useful. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 2079—Ladies' Shirtwaist. The yoke and three-quarter sleeves make this a charming model for dressy wear. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 2060—Girls' Low-Necked Dress. Made with a yoke and three-quarter length sleeves, it is a very becoming model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 2062—Child's Dress. In dark cashmere, worn with a guimpe. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

No. 1266—Misses' Skirt. A circular model particularly good for heavy goods. 3 sizes—12 to 16 years.

No. 1471—Ladies' Skirt. A prettily flared eleven-gored model, good for separate skirts. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1732—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. This dainty little model is made with a removable shield. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1863—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. Made with a round yoke, this model develops well in any material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1828—Girls' Apron. A pretty design with a fancy bertha. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 2061—Ladies' Short Petticoat. A circular model, made with or without the flounce. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 2077—Ladies' Japanese Lounging Gown. In silk crepe, lined with quilted satin. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

ALMSHOUSE OPEN TO GOVERNOR'S CHILD

Mrs. Anna Davies, Daughter of Early Illinois Executive, in Deep Poverty.

Lincoln, Ill., Oct. 12.—From the governor's mansion to an almshouse is to be the life contrast of Mrs. Anna Davies, daughter of Thomas Ford, one of the early governors of Illinois. Poverty, like riches, the Ford family demonstrates, can be inherited one generation after another. The fates decreed the Ford family poverty over 100 years ago, and two months ago unbearable destitution overtook Mrs. Davies in her little home in Middletown, about fifteen miles from here. She is now 70 years old, and without friends or relatives except for a daughter of megre circumstances living in Chicago.

A Methodist minister of Middletown discovered Mrs. Davies' destitute circumstances, which she was too proud to tell. She had run through the last of her small savings.

She inherited nothing, and the minister had her sent to the local deaconess' hospital as a charity patient. The official papers have been signed for her transfer to the Soldiers' Widows' Home at Whimington, so that she may there end her days. She is eligible to the home because her husband was a soldier in the Mexican war.

Mrs. Davies has told little of her romance, but the story goes that she met her husband, a captain of the war, after his return from the front while her father was governor. Later he was editor of the Rushville, (Ill) Times for many years. There he died and the thread of Mrs. Davies' life is dropped. How she happened, twenty years ago, to live in Middletown, until recently without a railroad, she has not told the hospital authorities.

Since the identity of Mrs. Davies has been discovered the Woman's Relief corps of the local post of the G. A. R. has been attempteing to raise a fund as a pension for her. So far the women have not been successful, but Mrs. Davies will be held at the hospital for a few days to give more time for a canvass. She has said repeatedly that she does not wish to go to the Wilmington home.

SECRETARY BACON SAVES DROWNING BOY

Figures in Heroic Rescue of a Harvard Student, Whose Canoe Had Capsized.

Boston, Oct. 12.—Assistant Secretary of State Robert L. Bacon figured in a heroic rescue on the Charles river late yesterday when he jumped overboard from the Harvard launch Veritas, and swam to the rescue of two boys who had capsized in a canoe and succeeded in saving the life of one. The second boy was rescued by J. S. Reed, a student of Harvard, who followed Bacon into the water.

Bacon was returning from upriver, where he had been observing the practice of the varsity crew in which were his two sons, Eliot and Gasper. The launch Veritas in which were Bacon and his family and a number of friends had reached the Cottage Farm bridge, when the party on board saw a canoe capsize some disance away, overturned by the wash of a passing tug.

One of the occupants, J. Nutting, a Harvard student, held on to the boat. His companion, however, was swept away, and had disappeared from sight in the water, when Bacon's attention was called to the accident. Without a moment's hesitation, and without waiting to even slip off his coat, Bacon dove into the water and struck out for the drowning boy. Almost at the same instant Reed plunged overboard and Bacon yelled for him to take the boy on the canoe, while he took the other one.

After swimming nearly 75 yards, Bacon reached the boy who had become unconscious and was sinking for the last time. Grasping him firmly Bacon turned backed toward the launch which was moving slowly toward him, and the men in the launch drew both men back on board. Then the launch headed for the canoe and the others were picked up.

SAYS SHE IS NOT "BABBLING BROOKE"

Countess of Warwick Denies That She Gave Away Secret of Baccarat Scandal.

New York, Oct. 12.—Who gave away the secret of the baccarat scandal of Tranby Croft.

The Countess of Warwick, who is now in this city, and who for years has been known in the social worlds of two continents as "Babbling Brooke," because of her alleged chattering about the great card cheating episode of Tranby Croft, which involved the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, declares that it was not she who made public the scandal which forced several men of social consequence into the British courts and shook the court circle of Great Britain to its very center.

Lady Warwick, in the first interview she has given out since she arrived in America two weeks ago, has taken occasion to sidetrack further gossip about her alleged connection with the baccarat scandal by saying that the story of that alleged crooked game of cards at the Wilson country seat, near London, was told by her enemies, who knew that they did not dare to put it into the English papers, and so used the American papers to injure her. The peeress says that not only has she never been inside Tranby Croft, but also that she never played cards in her life and does not know one playing card from another.

So now the question remains to be answered: Who are the enemies of Lady Warwick?

After refusing to be interviewed since her arrival, Lady Warwick at last consented to talk to New York newspaper men. But she spoke only of the celebrated "baccarat scandal" of twelve years ago.

"For twelve years a miserable and untruthful story has been running in the American papers about me," the countess began, her eyes flashing with indignation. "I know it is through the efforts of enemies of mine. I mean that story which refers to me as 'Babbling Brooke.' Twelve years ago there was a baccarat scandal in England in which the present King of England was mixed up. Ever since then, at stated intervals, the American press has connected me with it, and print and reprint it every now and then. The last time was when I arrived here a few days ago. The same old story was printed again.

"I want to say that there is not the slightest truth in it. At the time of the scandal I was in mourning for my stepfather. I knew nothing about it. I have never played cards in my life. I don't know one card from another, and I have never been inside the house where this particular card game occurred, never having been invited, I believe."

MRS. CHADWICK IS DEAD

"Frenzied Finance" Woman Dies in the Pen.

Wrecked Oberlin Bank After Swindling Moneyed Men Out of Enormous Sums.

Mrs. Chadwick's Career.

1857—Born at Eastwood, Ont., daughter of Daniel and Mary Ann Bigley.
1879—First arrested as Elizabeth Bigley at Woodstock, Ont., on a charge of forgery. Escaped conviction on grounds of insanity.
1882—Married Dr. W. S. Springsteen of Cleveland, but was turned out after eleven days, when her identity was discovered.
1883—Reported as dead and buried.
1886—Known as Lydia Scott, a clairvoyant.
1887—Known as Lydia DeVere in Toledo.
1889—Sentenced to nine and one-half years in the penitentiary for forgery in Toledo.
1893—Paroled by Governor William McKinley.
1894-1897 — Lived in Cleveland. Known as Mrs. Hoover.
1897—Married Dr. L. S. Chadwick
1897-1904—Obtained vast sums of money from Cleveland banks and individuals on forged notes. Lived in unparalleled extravagance on Euclid avenue. Accumulated debts amounting to over $1,000,000.
1904—Exposed Nov. 2, when suit was brought by H. B. Newton to recover $190,800. Fled to New York, arrested and brought back.
1905—Convicted March 10 of conspiracy to wreck the Citizens' National bank of Oberlin. Sentenced to ten years in penitentiary.
1906—Arrived at penitentiary January 12.
1907—Died in penitentiary Oct. 10.

Columbus, O., Oct. 11.—Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, of Cleveland, died at 10:45 last night after a lingering illness from nervous prostration

She became worse yesterday morning and the day physician, Dr. Garrett, administered strychnine hypodermically to keep her alive. Her son, Emil Hoover, of Cleveland, was telegraphed to come at once, and her sisters, Mrs. S. M. York and Mrs. Weston, of Cleveland, were also notified of her condition. Every precaution was taken to prolong her life as long as possible. Hoover arrived 15 minutes before she died.

The body of Mrs. Chadwick was removed to an undertaking establishment and prepared for burial. It was held for disposition by Emil Hoover, the son.

Mrs. Chadwick embraced the Roman Catholic faith and was baptized a few days before her death. Yesterday morning she received extreme unction.

It was frequently reported that Mrs. Chadwick had made a statement regarding her financial transactions, and it was expected that if such a statement had been made it would be given to the public after her death. The prison officials declare that she never made such a statement to them, and T. E. Powell, her attorney, also denied the rumor.

With the passing of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick there is removed from the stage of history one of the remarkable women and most celebrated criminals in the annals of wrong-doing. She was not less interesting as a woman than as a malefactor.

Her madien name was Elizabeth Bigley. She was born at Eastwood, Canada, fifty years ago. In the course of her varied life, she figured as Mme. De Vere, in which role she was a clairvoyant; Lydia Scott, Lady Clinagao, Mrs. Bagley, Mrs. Dr. Hoover, and Mrs. Lydia Springsteen. She was primarily a hypnotist, unconsciously a criminal, one of the most skillful, most daring and most successful the world has ever known, perhaps.

At the time of her now famous expose and trial, in Cleveland, noted criminologists and psychologists agreed that a person of her temperament and wonderful mental powers could no more resist her natural criminal bent than a saint could evade the impulse to do good.

Mrs. Chadwick was a forger, always. Her wonderful operations were based upon that inclination. Yet she was but a bungling forger. Far better forgers have fared far worse, and been jerked up more quickly than she. The weird stories which she invented to drive her colossal undertakings were of a shape and texture that would not sell a cake of soap at a curbstone market stand. It was her tremendous personality that made her various and unstable criminal elements hang together.

As a girl, in her Canadian home, she was normal, according to well authenticated accounts from her Ontario neighbors. When she was quite young she suffered a severe fever; her life was despaired of. She survived, and shortly after her recovery she began to show marked evidences of depravity. Her family of brothers and sisters are and always have been perfect types of sturdy, moral, well-reputed American-Canadians They share none of even her superficial characteristics. She was a type separate and distinct, abnormal in every way, for which there is no accounting. Had the freakish combination of traits varied but a little she might have been a great, good woman, instead of a great, bad woman. She was unique and defied analysis.

At the age of twenty-two years she was tried for a crime of which she was patently guilty, and acquitted on the ground of insanity. The crime was forgery. Shortly after that she turned up in Toledo, where she involved a young express clerk named Joseph Lamb in a scheme of forgery that ended in their joint arrest and indictment and trial. This was the first of the operations to which she later devoted herself.

Lamb, "Honest Joe," he was called before that time—and even afterward—fell an easy prey to her machinations. A jury acquitted him, recognizing the irresistible power which the woman had wielded over him. As Mme. De Vere she was convicted and sentenced to nine and a half years in the penitentiary. Name and standing gone, Lamb became a peddler of brooms. Other men, and mightier ones, were yet to cross her path and go down to death, disgrace and both, because of her uncanny machinations.

William McKinley, then governor of Ohio, and later president of the United States, pardoned the woman when she had served a little over three years of her sentence.

In the succeeding years she married Dr. Springsteen, of Cleveland, who divorced her. Her frenzy for financial legerdemain grew fiercer as the years passed. Always her ball of finance grew larger and the deals she juggled increased in number as well as in size. Ultimately the task became too difficult for even her iron nerve. There was one last tight place, her skill was exerted to the utmost, but it was too much; the greatest criminal fabric in the history of America fell and buried her, its builder.

It was as Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, wife of Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, that the end came to her plans. She had married Chadwick, a widower with an only child, a daughter, Mary, on Aug. 26, 1897. He was a member of a well-known Cleveland family, and took his bride to live in the old Chadwick mansion on Euclid avenue. It was from this house that she directed her greatest undertakings. Her last was her greatest. It was the undermining of a small bank on Euclid avenue near E. 105th street, and through it the wrecking of the Citizens' National bank, of Oberlin.

She used a nebulous myth to the effect that she was an illegitimate daughter of Andrew Carnegie, and with this as a basis and an unopened package of poorly scrawled trust deeds, forged, bearing the steel master's name, as her working tool, she wrung several hundred thousand dollars from banks and individuals over the country. A bank once "in" for a small sum, she could compel it to go deeper, by threatening failure and ruin without more funds to keep the game going. Her operations easily exceeded a million dollars.

When the crash came, however, its reverberations were many. The Oberlin bank was the only one to close its doors, but others felt a distinct shock. A single lawsuit was the brand which touched off the explosion. A Massachusetts banker, Herman E. Newton, impatient to realize on a loan of $190,000 he had made the woman brought suit. The house of cards tumbled straightway. Publicity, exposure and disgrace robbed Mrs. Chadwick of the weapons which she could and would have used to recoup her losses, get more money, pay off her more importunate creditors, and take on some new ones, they later to be paid off the same way, namely, with some other victims' money, one set constantly making way for another and larger circle. The secret of her power was her ability to impress, her ease in paying enormous bonuses and the cupidity of the men she selected for her agents.

Mrs. Chadwick and President Beckwith and Cashier Spear, of the Oberlin bank, were indicted for a variety of offenses against the national banking laws. Beckwith died before coming to trial. Spear pleaded guilty, was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary and is now serving time at Columbus.

Mrs. Chadwick was brought to trial March 6, 1905, and after a hearing which lasted two weeks was found guilty of conspiracy to defraud a national bank, and was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Her health, which was not good at the time of her trial, failed steadily after its conclusion.

Mrs. Chadwick left one son, Emil Hoover, born of her first marriage. He is now about 20 years old.

Order FULTON by Mail

Kentucky's Great Whiskey

Express Prepaid from Distiller to You

2 Gallons for $5. of thoroughly matured highest medicinal, Pure Rye or Bourbon Whiskey or one gallon each, in Myers' patent glass demijohns, and to prove FULTON is the best Whiskey, you need

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We ship on 30 days' credit if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with each 2 gallon demijohn or 8 quart bottle order accompanied with cash. Full Quart Bottles of Rye or Bourbon are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3., 8 for $5., or 12 for $9. If not satisfied with goods, return, and if paid for all your money will be refunded by first mail.

ADDRESS MYERS & COMPANY, Warehouse No. 213 COVINGTON KY.

SOLE OWNERS U. S. REG. DIST'Y NO. 22, 6TH DIST., KY. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

*Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

DETECTIVES

Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; previous experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. Grannan's Detective Bureau 46, Cincinnati, Ohio

Wanted! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Baggagemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instruction by MAIL. Application blank and book for stamp. Inter Ry. Inst., No. 10, Indianapolis, Ind.

DON'T MARRY, DOCTOR, or despair, "Don't do a thing" till you see clearly what's best by aid of "Flashlights on Human Nature, on health disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to. 240 pages illustrated. 25 cents; but to introduce it we send one only to any adult for postage, 10 cents. M. HILL BOOK CO., 129 East 28th Street, New York.

FITS Epilepsy. Only CURE. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee. Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES—Private lecture free. Send for never-failing guaranteed monthly regulator. Dixie Medicine Co., 352 Randolph Bldg., Memphis, Tenn.

GOOD salary paid to an energetic man in every vicinity for selling lubricating oils and paints. Address The Harvey Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

A LADY of considerable money and property, object matrimony, wishes to meet young or middle aged man. Inquiries should be made at once through Miss N. L., Drawer 900, 85 Fifth ave., Chicago.

SIX OF A FAMILY DEAD

Father and Five Daughters Suffocated by Smoke.

Fire Followed Prenuptial Celebration of Oldest Girl—Origin Is Unknown.

Gloversville, N. Y., Oct. 14.—Six members of the family of Solomon Frank, a glove cutter, the father and five daughters, were suffocated by smoke when their home was destroyed by fire yesterday. The dead are: Solomon Frank, aged 40 years; Sarah, 21; Dora, 19; Rosa, 17; Minnie, 12, and Mary, 10.

The father lost his life in endeavoring to save his children, on the discovery of the flames by the mother, who, with two small sons, made her escape. The bodies of the other victims were found by the firemen. All had evidently made an effort to reach the window.

The oldest daughter was to have become a bride early in December and Saturday night there was a social gathering at the home of the family in celebration of the approaching nuptials.

The gathering broke up about 1 o'clock, and at 1:30, when all had retired, the fire was discovered. The origin is unknown, though it is believed to have been due to a defective chimney.

PUBLISH PAPER AT SEA.

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 11.—The Ocean Steamship company's new and best ship, the City of Savannah, arrived off Tybee light last night, virtually completing her maiden trip from New York to Savannah. A party of New York and Boston newspaper men, who were aboard as guests of the company, issued on the way a paper, the first ever put out on the high seas by working newspaper men.

The new ship proved to be remarkably steady, even in some rough weather, which was encountered south of Hatteras. The best day's run was 294 miles, and the ship logged virtually twelve knots an hour.

CANNON GETS DELEGATES

Eighth District of Michigan Carries Out Program.

Owosso, Mich., Oct. 11.—An endorsement of Speaker Joseph G. Cannon for the Republican nomination for president was adopted here yesterday afternoon at the Republican convention of the Eighth congressional district, after an animated debate, as foreshadowed in dispatches to The Blade yesterday.

Congressman Joseph W. Fordney, of Saginaw, led the Cannon forces, and Odell Chapman, of Shiawassee county, who led the opposition, was able to muster only seven votes in favor of striking oue the endorsement of Speaker Cannon from the resolutions.

Mr. Chapman urged that the endorsement of Mr. Cannon was premature and raised the question whether the convention could endorse him after having endorsed the administration of President Roosevelt in the resolutions. Congressman Fordney, in reply, urged that the delegates could depart from the advice of the convention, should such a course prove later to be desirable.

The convention elected Congressman Fordney and Postmaster E. O. Dewey, of Owosso, as delegates to the national convention, and recommended F. W. Gilchrist, of Alpena, for delegate-at-large.

WELLMAN'S SHIP SINKS

Goes Down in Storm Off Cape Langenes, Iceland.

Copenhagen, Oct. 10.—The Arctic steamer Frithjof, which accompanied the Wellman-Chicago Record-Herald expedition to Spitzbergen, was lost off Cape Langenes, Iceland, October 5.

The captain and fifteen of her crew were drowned.

The engineer clung to a plank, on which he drifted ashore.

The Frithjof was homeward bound to Norway, having been damaged by ice, and consequently was unable to withstand a storm which she encountered off Cape Langenes.

NEW DANGER SIGNAL.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 12.—When Miss R. L. Hoy was being examined as to her fitness for a position of telegraph operator, Division Operator Johnson asked her the color of a piece of ribbon.

"That is cerise," said Miss Hoy. "I just bought a hat of that color, trimmed with a veil of crushed violet."

"What's this?"

"That is Alice blue. Alice Roosevelt-Longworth wore it in a good many of her gowns last year."

Johnson recovered slowly, but was game for another effort.

"What would you call this?" he asked.

"Nile green."

"And all these years we thought they were red, blue and green," he sighed.

MITCHELL HAD OPERATIONS

Under the Knife for Appendicitis and Hernia.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 14.—Vice-President Lewis and Secretary Wilson, of the United Mine Workers of America, returned to national headquarters today from Lasalle, Illinois, where they left President John Mitchell. Two operations for appendicitis and hernia were performed on Mitchell yesterday and both were successful, but left the patient in a much wearied condition.

WATCHES

The 16 size watch is now the popular size for men and boys, being very much lighter in weight, smaller in size, and thinner than the 18 size.

We shall handle this season only Waltham and Elgin movements. The reputation and reliability of these movements are so well known to our readers that they need no further recommendation from us.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade

We guarantee everything we offer you to be **JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.**

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

We can supply any movement made by the Waltham or Elgin companies, and will be pleased to quote prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ... $11.50
No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ... $15.00
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ... $12.25
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $15.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ... $12.50
No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $17.00
No. 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ... $14.50
No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ... $12.75
No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works ... $10.00
No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ... $10.50
No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $15.00
No. 115—16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ... $12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works ... $5.30
No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works ... $6.60
No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121 — 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $13.50
No. 123 — 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124 — 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ... $14.00
No. 125 — 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $17.50
No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ... $13.00

Remit by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter, or New York draft.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SLAP AT GEORGE W. AROUSES PATRIOTS

Many Protesting Letters Received by Man Who Proved Him Tax Dodger.

Washington, Oct. 10.—Capt. S. R. Donahue, of Fairfax, Va., who disclosed from musty volumes the record of George Washington's presentment for tax dodging, has had no peace since the exposure was printed. Every mail has brought to the captain a flood of angry and protesting letters.

"The naked truth seems to have offended the patriots, who look upon the 'Father of His Country' as molded from finer clay than his fellow mortals," said Captain Donahue. "They all seem to take my discovery as a personal offense instead of a new fact of history. It's mighty discouraging to a man who makes an excursion into the realms of historical research for the benefit of posterity to get forty-odd bumps a day from his own generation. I'm going to quit the history business after this.

"One letter was a mournful reproach in a feminine hand that suggested cats and tea and hailed from Massachusetts. 'How could you do it?' she wailed. 'You lower the moral tone of the youth of our country when you shake their faith in the great Washington.'

"I replied that I did it for two reasons—one because it was true and the other because I needed the money.

"It is strange that all the protests have come from the North. George seems to be more adored away up North than right around home.

"It may calm the perturbed spirits of some of these outraged patriots to know that on the desk of Mr. Richardson, the county clerk of Fairfax, is lying a hatchet, aged and rusty, to which is attached a paper bearing this legend:

"'The original hatchet used by George Washington.' This ought to offset the tax dodging, unless the fact that the implement bears the trade-mark of a hardware firm in Bridgeport, Conn., may make some difference.

"Richardson says he got tired telling the visitors why he did not have the hatchet, so he looked up one in the woodshed and labeled it as above for the delectation of tourists, and he finds it does just as well as the original."

Captain Donahue says he has discovered many other facts bearing upon the private life of the Squire of Mount Vernon, but after this present discouraging experience he is going to keep them locked in his bosom.

Fifteen Millions of People Now Enjoy the R. F. D. Service

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 11.—Addressing the National Rural Letter Carriers' association in annual convention here yesterday, Assistant Postmaster General P. V. Degraw, reviewed with pride the growth and benefits of the rural delivery system. Fifteen millions of people now enjoyed the service, and Mr. Degraw predicted "complete state service" in the near future. He complimented the carriers in having demonstrated their right to be regarded as one of the very foremost class of public servants in point of efficiency and good character.

Speaking of organizations within the service Mr. Degraw said that to receive the sanction of the department such organizations must have for their sole object improvement in the service, or be purely fraternal or beneficial in character. "With any other purpose in view," he added, "they are detrimental to the service, to their members, and to the public."

Mr. Degraw quoted from Pres. Roosevelt this idea that "the national government shall be a model, shall demand the highest quality of service from its employes, and should care for them properly in return."

In concluding he explained to carriers the basis on which the increased appropriation for carriers' pay had been apportioned, and discussed the subject of parcels posts and postal savings banks.

Lawson Tells of His $30,000 Pink

New York, Oct. 12.—Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, at a dinner given in his honor by the Sphinx club at the Waldorf-Astoria, told how he had originated the Lawson pink. This was his story:

"Let me tell you about the Lawson pink. I went into the florist's shop and saw that pink and I said, 'How much?' The man said '$30,000,' and I said I'd take it, and put it in my buttonhole and walked out. The next day it withered like all pinks, but the story of it went around the world.

"I got at least $1,000,000 worth of advertising out of that fool transaction of $30,000. Moreover, I love flowers. All fools do, and every fool that's raised a few flower sends me his best experimental effort. He never takes any money for it. No fool ever takes another fool's money.

"When I paid $30,000 for that pink I agreed to spend $15,000 within the next three weeks advertising the fact that I had paid $30,000 for it, the florist to have a third of the profits. I got back my original capital and a profit of $15,000, and I gave the florist back the flower again."

Mr. Lawson told this story to illustrate the value of advertising.

CZAR HAS ANOTHER MISHAP

Pinnace in Which He Was Being Landed Struck a Rock.

London, Oct. 12.—"There are persistent reports here," cables the St. Petersburg correspondence of the Daily Mail, that a pinnace landing the emperor of Russia from the imperial yacht yesterday struck a submarine rock and sprung a serious leak. His majesty was transferred to another pinnace. This mishap, following the stranding of the imperial yacht Standart, has caused much comment."

PLAN OF GOVERNMENT

May Create Stir Among Pacific Coast Unions.

Washington, Oct. 14.—In connection with the procurement of the large amount of labor necessary on the Pacific coast to make repairs to the battleship fleet when it reaches California next year, the navy department is considering a proposition which will undoubtedly cause a great stir among the lavor unions on the coast.

This is to inddce eastern laborers to go there by giving them and their families free transportation, provided they contract to remain in thegovernment service a certain time. Of course, higher wages must be paid than are common in the east, as a necessary feature of this plan.

WESTERNERS MAKERECORD

Artillery at Fort Rosecrans Establish New Firing Record

Washington, Oct. 14.—Record target practice has been made by the 115th company, coast artillery, now stationed at Fort Rosecrans, California, which has hitherto stood in the front rank in the matter of accuracy of fire. In this last case the command made 100 per cent of hits on a moving target at a range of 5,988 yards and six shots from the big 12-inch guns were fired. All of them would have passed through a target six and a half yards high by sixteen yards wide, and this excellent practice Captain F. L. Dengler will be officially commended.

TO BE NO NEGRO BISHOPS

Methodists of Genesee Conference Decide Against Them.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 12.—At the business session of the Genesee conference of the Methodist Episcopal church yesterday the question as to whether or not the conference should endorse the election of colored bishops for colored cnferences was decided in the negative by a vote of ayes 18, noes 148.

The resolution adopted by the last general assembly reducing the representation of district conferences in the general assembly from one minister to each 45, to one minister to each sixty, was adopted.

LAND SLIDING AT CANAL

Panama Engineers Having Trouble at Culebra Cut.

Panama, Oct. 14.—The American engineers are having trouble with the Cucharacha slide at the south end of the Culebra cut. This point of land, always a source of trouble to the French when they tried to dig the canal, is again in motion, and will prove a hindrance all during the wet season.

About half a million yards of dirt is in motion. All of this dirt must ultimately be removed, but the engineers would rather get it slowly than have it pushed on them.

LIEUTENANT KILLS SELF

Naval Officer Ends Life After Attending Dance.

Annapolis, Md., Oct. 14.—Second Lieutenant James N. Sutton, United States marine corps, is dead at the naval academy marine barracks, his death resulting from a 32-calibre bullet fired into the right side of the head. A board of inquiry, detailed by Superintendent Badger, of the naval academy, has prepared a report which will be submitted to the navy department.

From the best information obtained, Sutton, in company with Second Lieutenant R. E. Adams and Second Lieutenant E. P. Roelker, returned to the marine camp at 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning, after having attended a dance given at the academy.

Shortly afterward Sutton is said to have been discovered on the road near by with a revolver in his right hand, and several fellow officers attempted to disarm him. This they succeeded in doing, but not before the weapon was discharged in some manner, and Lieutenants Adams and Roelker received slight wounds.

Quick as a flash, it is said, Sutton took from his blouse another revolver, and with this fired the fatal shot into his brain. Lieutenant Sutton was 22 years old, and a son of James N. Sutton, of Portland, Oregon. He was formerly a midshipman of the present senior class, but resigned in his third class year.

BELL HAS A NEW MACHINE

Is Experimenting With Motor-Driven Airship.

Baddeck, C. B., Oct. 12.—Regarding the aerial navigation experiments being conducted here, Prof. Alexander Graham Bell yesterday made the following statement:

"We are nearly ready to put a large machine into the air and it is possible that within the next week or so we may fly the machine as a kite, with a sandbag in it of the weight of a man. If the experiment is successful we shall place a man in the machine without a motor and allow him to glide down to the water from an elevation. I do not think it would be safe to start at once to put a man into the air in a motor driven machine, but think it wiser to begin by raising him into the air in the machine blown as a kite and towed by motor."

Prof. Bell's experiments are now being conducted under the auspices of the recently established Aerial Experimenting society.

CO-EDS LEASE FIELD.

Girls Will Busy Themselves With Athlteic Sports.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 14.—University of Michigan athletic girls intend to get into track and field sports with a vim from this time on. Through their athletic association they secured this morning a lease of the old fair grounds here for a temporary field. Soon they will purchase a permanent field and training quarters.

EASY FOOD

Ready for Instant Use Without Cooking.

Almost everyone likes cereal food of some kind at breakfast and supper, but the ordinary way of cooking cereals results in a pasty mass that is hard to digest, and if not properly digested, the raw mass goes down into the intestinal tract where gas is generated and trouble follows.

Everyone knows that good food properly digested keeps the body well, while poor food, or even food of good quality that is poorly prepared and not digested is sure to bring on some kind of disease.

The easiest food to digest in this line is Grape-Nuts, made from wheat and barley, and cooked thoroughly at the factory, some 12 to 16 hours being consumed in the different processes of preparation. The food, therefore, is ready for instant service and the starch has been changed to a form of Sugar, so that it is pre-digested and ready for almost immediate absorption.

A Chicago young lady writes that she suffered for years from indigestion and dyspepsia from the use of food that was not suitable to her powers of digestion. She says:

"I began using Grape-Nuts, and I confess to having had a prejudice at first, and was repeatedly urged before I finally decided to try the food, but I have not known what indigestion is since using it, and have never been stronger or in better health. I have increased in weight from 109 to 124 pounds."

People can be well, practically without cost, if they will adopt scientific food and leave off the indigestible sort. "There's a Reason."

Grape-Nuts food is crisp and delicious to the taste. It should be served exactly as it comes from the package, without cooking, except in cases where it is made up into puddings and other desserts.—Book of delicious recipes, and "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

INTERNATIONAL WRANGLE IS FEARED

London and Berlin Diplomats Called Upon to Settle Question Over African Canal.

London, Oct. 14.—Winston Churchill, under secretary of state for the colonies, who has started on a tour which will take him into the interior of Africa, will, when he reaches Nairobi on Lake Victoria Nyanza, have presented to him a problem that has been causing very serious misgivings to those Britishers who have established themselves upon the shores of the lake and have in many cases built up large businesses trading with the natives of the adjacent territory. These pioneers of Africa fear that a scheme which the German government is carrying out to divert the trade of the country from British to German ports on the east coast, which is now carried over the Uganda railway, a line subsidized by Great Britain, will not only ruin their businesses but will seriously affect the navigation of the lake by lowering its waters.

The Germans have already built a railway from Pangani on the coast to the base of Mount Kilimandjaro, on the border of British East Africa. Swamps on the one side and mountain ranges on the other prevent this line from being continued to Lake Victoria Nyanza, but to overcome this difficulty the Germans are digging a canal through the swamps from a deep inlet of the lake to the rail head. The canal will be sixty miles long and the overflow from it will be carried to the sea by the Kilver Ruvu. Ordinarily such a work might not be considered a menace, but in the case of Lake Victoria Nyanza experts believe it will do great damage to British interests.

The whole matter will be placed before Mr. Churchill, and will doubtless become the subject of diplomatic negotiations between the foreign offices of London and Berlin.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

MONDAY.
You can find your niche in the world when your heart is warm, and your face a light with good cheer.

TUESDAY.
I have not lived in vain—
If I but stop one tear, or heal a wrong,
Or lift a fainting robin to his nest again,
I have not lived in vain.

WEDNESDAY.
Let us believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated, or at the time expected.

THURSDAY.
No sunrise, mountain-top or June of blossom is so beautiful and so inspiring by its beauty as human faces at their best. A smile is the subtlest form of beauty in all the visible creation, and heaven breaks on the earth in the smiles of friendly faces.

FRIDAY.
The only really solid thing in this universe is love. This makes our life really life. This makes us immortal while we are here. This makes us sure that death is no end, but only a beginning, to us and to all we love.

SATURDAY.
Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Helps the Farmers' Wives

Here is an article which may give someone an "idea." What has been done, may be done again, and a neighborhood exchange for farmers' wives, seems practical.

"One of the best ways for a farmer's wife to earn her own money is through a neighborhood exchange," said Mrs. H. A. Tanner, wife of a farmer in Ulster county, N. Y., in an article in the New York Sun. "Our neighborhood exchange has been running for something like six years now, and I'm sure every woman in the neighborhood has been benefited by it.

"Unlike the woman's exchanges in cities, we have no membership fee to pay. When any article left at the exchange is sold, 10 per cent of the price paid goes to the woman who has charge of the business.

"So far as I know our exchange is the only one of its kind in existence. It wasn't invented or discovered, it just grew.

"The old woman who has charge of it and who did as much as anybody else toward developing the idea, was the wife of a well-to-do farmer in her young days. Her husband died, her son went out west and was never heard from, and her daughter finally died of consumption brought on, so the neighbors say, by sitting up nights in an unheated room sewing.

"Seven years ago, when we moved down to Ulster county, this old woman was going around washing, scrubbing, working on the farm, doing anything and everything to keep from being sent to the county farm. I had worked in a millinery store before I married, and one day when that old woman was doing a little scrubbing for me, she saw me trim a hat for my eldest daughter.

"'My land, Mrs. Tanner,' she exclaimed, 'You had orter trim hats all the time.'

"'What would I do with them?' I asked. 'I have only myself and my two daughters to wear them.'

"'Give them to me to sell,' she replied.

"That was the beginning. I had two other untrimmed hats in the house. Our farm wasn't paid for, and the idea of making a little money outside my butter and eggs spurred me on to try.

"That night when the time came for the old woman to go home, I turned over to her the three hats, all trimmed. The next day she brought me back the money for them all, with the assurance that she could sell a dozen.

"On those three hats my profit for trimming was $1.80. The woman's commission for selling them was just 50 cents. I trimmed and sold 28 hats that season.

"The second spring, when my first installment of hats were trimmed, the old woman was taken with an attack of rheumatism, but she insisted on my turning the hats over to her to sell to the people whom she was sure would come to see her. That was the beginning of our neighborhood exchange.

"From selling my hats, she induced other women to give her first one thing and then another, until she had quite a collection of articles—everything, in fact, that could be made at home, from a pumpkin pie to a rag carpet.

"Her little place has become so well known that for miles around, whenever a woman wants to buy or sell anything she goes to Mrs. Green's. What the store and postoffice at the village are to the farmers, Mrs. Green's is to the farmers' wives.

"One farmer's wife has made a good amount each year by raising fancy vegetables and selling them through the exchange. Mrs. Green says that fresh vegetables are more in demand than almost anything else she can get.

"Another women has made a good amount on her Christmas cake. Several women do sewing, Mrs. Green either selling their work or getting them orders. I couldn't tell you the variety of things the women who depend on the exchange do.

"One woman made $300 last year by rag carpets and rugs. Most of the orders came from the summer people who saw her work in Mrs. Green's little front room, but more than you would think were bought by the farmers themselves.

"She makes her own dyes, and all the colors in her rugs and carpets are warranted neither to fade nor to run. That is a great point for home weaving, now that so many people have given up making the old-fashioned dyes and use only the bought ones to save trouble. Her colors are all in the soft tones—browns and blues and greens. Sometimes she mixes them all together into a pattern that makes you think of autumn leaves.

"Besides selling our work, Mrs. Green can always put her hand on just the right person when a woman needs to be helped out in the house, or the farmer wants an extra hand on the farm. In that way the exchange has proved of such assistance that during the past summer several of the farmers clubbed together with some of the summer residents and paid for a telephone for Mrs. Green.

"Then there is another side to look at. If it wasn't for that exchange Mrs. Green would be on the county. She is too old now to earn a living by hard drudgery, the only sort of work she knew how to do, so we would either have had to send her to the poor farm or take care of her by subscription. Instead of such a life of dependence, she is able to keep herself in comfort.

"Of course, I think other neighborhoods in the country as far away from a town as we are could be much improved by having such an exchange. There are always such women as Mrs. Green to be provided for.

"We often trade work. There is one woman who makes delicious bread and is fond of doing it, but she doesn't care to sew. I do half of that woman's sewing and trim all her hats, and she makes my bread. As the trade was made through Mrs. Green we pay her five per cent. I in sewing, the other woman in baking.

"While the work began with the sale of those three hats, every year it has increased and broadened, until now it takes in about everything that can be made by a farmer's women folks."

THE COZY CORNER

The editor is thinking it would be a good idea to have a motto for the Cosy Corner. The M. G. R. column has one, and it seems as if this department should have one, too. The object of the Cosy Corner is mutual benefit, assistance in homemaking and cheer for the disheartened. Now, put your thinking caps on and send in a motto appropriate to this column and its purpose. We want something short, something that contains a good thought, and something that will fit this "Help One Another" corner. Of course the editor could hunt for something herself, but she wants your assistance and approval.

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT.

As housekeeping expenses seem to be a subject of unending interest this letter was clipped from an exchange for the benefit of Cosy Corner readers. After you have read it I wish some of you would write your opinion regarding the possibility of living on so little a year. Of course, circumstances alter conditions, and what is posible in one place is impossible in another.—Ed.

"To feed a family of four at little cost Buy 50 pounds of flour, one peck meal, 100 pounds sugar, 50 cents' worth salt pork, one gallon vinegar, 50 pounds good sweet lard, 10 pounds fine bulk salt, one pound soda, one can good baking powder, one bottle extract any flavor you like, three pounds rice, one box oats, four of other cereals, one bushel potatoes, if weather is cool, four pounds butter a week, one quart milk a day, half gallon buttermilk at a time, fresh vegetables every week day, fresh meat Tuesday and Saturday, for next day, eggs twice a week, one block yeast cakes.

"If vegetables and fruit come cheap in summer, can for winter and make pickles, preserves, jellies and so on.

"My son and I live in the suburbs. We have our own garden, chickens and some fruit; an income of $208 a year with what he can earn during university term time and vacations is all our support. Our food costs us about nine dollars a month and I do my own work. This we do that he may get a university education."

LIKES OCTOBER.

I have made a trip to the Poets' Corner and now will stop to chat with the Cozy Corner friends. I always turn to the Cozy Corner first, as I enjoy reading the letters so much, and am often helped by them. I think like L. S. E., that fall is a lovely time of year. A bright October day goes ahead of June, I think. I enjoy gathering in fruit and vegetables and storing them for winter (and, by the way, apples are very scarce in this section this year.) We have plenty of turnips. I guess we shall have to "munch" them in place of apples.

I raise quite a lot of flowers and this year my asters were "perfection." Such lovely colors, and so full! On one plant I counted over sixty blossoms. I have some very pretty dahlias, too, and almost every other old-fashioned kind. I have a good husband and two little boys, the one past four, the other fourteen months, and I think they are like flowers. The pleasure they are pays fo. the work they make.

Maybe I'll come again.—Ada Jane.

Be sure that you do.—Ed.

ADVICE WANTED.

I come this morning asking for some advice. I have one little boy, nine and one-half years old, who never liked to go to school. We are most deeply concerned about his education. We used to live a long way from a school, and then we just "made" him go. Now we live close to school and he still dislikes to go, though he learns fairly well.

I have thought he got a hatred for going to school because we forced him to go so far and alone, when he was so young. Has any of the readers anything of this kind to worry with? For it certainly is a worry. If so, please relate your case in the Cozy Corner, and tell what is best to do.—Anxious Mother.

FROM KANSAS.

A Kansas girl writes us: We have long read The Blade and I certainly think a great deal of it. I am a city lassie, but I have been living on a farm for three years and like it very much. Kansas is a fine state. It is so healthful here, and the country is beautiful with its hills and trees. As far as you can see in any direction it is corn and cattle. I live nine miles from town and it takes but a little while to drive there in my buggy. We raised about 400 little chickens this year and many calves. I own several pigeons, also four dear little canaries that are sweet singers.

We have a number of large creeks on our land, and when the weather is pleasant I often go fishing. Sometimes I catch as many as seventeen or eighteen large fish. Some day I will come again and tell you some fine recipes and cooking hints, as I am considered one of the best cooks in Kansas. I will sign the name they call me at home.—Little Louie.

Do not forget to send the recipes and cooking hints. We should like to have them.—Ed.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

I am the wife of a railroad man and I have never read a leter from a railroad man's wife in The Blade. I would say to Aurora Bell that I am living pretty close to her, but I do not think she has ever been in our beautiful college city. If she had she sure would have said Aurora is "one" of the nicest cities in Illinois. You must remember all Illinois cities are nice, even if we are the Sucker state.

I enjoyed Nervy's letter and would love to run in and see her in her West Virginia home. I, too, have lived in a house built of logs, with an old-fashioned fireplace. How I used to enjoy watching the flames leaping high in the big chimney. I was a small child then, but I have a sweet recollection of the dear old place.

Nervy says she has never been on a train. Now, Nervy, I will tell you what to do. You just come up here in Illinois and visit me and I will take you to Chicago and you will feel better.

Gray Wing, you make your apple dumplings the same as I do, and I tell you, sisters, that they are mighty fine.—C. M. E.

In reading the good letters in The Blade, it seems to bring us so near to each other and rest our minds from the cares of our work. I, too, can sympathize with Lonely Mayme, for I was only eight when my mother died. My sister died when I was eleven, and I had to keep house for my father and brother. I love nice songs and good music, but of all things I wished for most was a good education. I was deprived of this, so I send my best wishes and motherly love to the lonely girl Mayme.—Biddy.

USES FOR SODA.

A weak solution of soda will revive the color in a dusty carpet.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water.

Add a little soda to the water when boiling out enamel saucepans, and it will help to cleanse them.

A spoonful of soda added to the water in which dishcloths are washed will keep them a good color and sweeten them.

One large teaspoonful of sal-soda will bleach a kettleful of clothes.

Hair brushes need a weekly cleansing; for this purpose add one tablespoonful of soda to a quart of hot water, dip the bristles—not the back—into this and shake well, until perfectly clean. Rinse and stand on edge to dry, says an exchange.

When the waste pipe is clogged with grease pour down a gallon of boiling water in which has been dissolved a cupful of soda. Repeat this until all of the impurities are removed.

In cooking gooseberries add a pinch of soda, size of a pea, to each quart of fruit, and less sugar will be required to sweeten it.

Add a teaspoonful of soda to the water in which you wash silver.

Before using glass fruit jars the second time, wash with soda water and rinse, in order to sweeten them.

Dampen soda and apply when bitten by any poisonous insect.

A YOUNG MEMBER.

I should like to tell you about my pets. I have a black pony and two pigeons which stay at the barn. I have five cats, two dogs, and a parrot, which can talk very well. I go to school every day, and when I come home I learn to play on the piano. I have no brothers nor sisters and am 13 years old.—Rosa Morton.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

Granna says: "I wonder if you would like this recipe for 'good' Johnny cake?"

One egg, well beaten; two cups each of sour milk, flour and Indian meal; three-fourths of a cup of sugar; one tablespoonful of shortening; one of salt, and one teaspoonful of saleratus.

INQUIRIES.

S. F. wishes to know how to make a white frosting for cake that stands up something like foam. She would like also a good recipe for potato cake.

Granna asks where she can get the music to the song When This Cruel War is Over.

Libbie wants someone to tell her how to make sausage without pork.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Do not forget our plan to have a Thanksgiving day visit in the Cozy Corner. Of course it will have to be with letters, but if those who approve of the plan will begin to think about it, and make up their minds to help, it seems as if we might have a very pleasant entertainment. For instance, you might tell about the happiest Thanksgiving you ever spent, or what you do on the day, or expect to do this year, or anything you may have in mind about Thanksgiving. You know by this time that fine writing on great subjects is not what we ask for in the Cozy Corner. It is a column for the "home folks," and descriptions of home life, no matter how plain and simple, are always welcome.

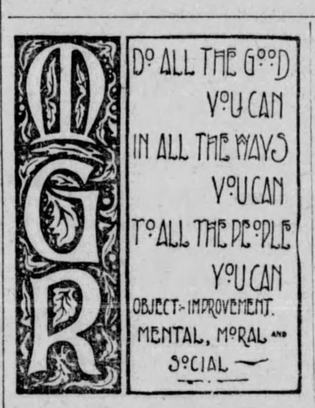
Think this over, and send in your letters as soon as you feel like it. The earlier we begin the better our Thanksgiving day will be.

Recent contributors to the Corner are Bertha Dunlap, Pearl Poore and Mrs. Amanda M. Forberg.

After peeling onions, rub the hands with raw potato to remove the odor.

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

The state flower of California is the yellow poppy, which grows abundantly wherever it is allowed to remain unmolested. The plants spread rapidly, and after the rains in the early spring, carpet the earth with their golden color. For several miles along the tracks, one Southern California trolley line has planted poppies, and these are one of the chief floral attractions of this end of the state to people who have occasion to travel over the interurban lines.



The editor has a suspicion that the writer of the letter we begin with today turned to the M. G. R. for company. Whatever the reason, the letter and its writer are welcome.

I should like to join the M. G. R. company, but looking out of the corner of my eyes at the Cozy Corner, I am afraid to say which one of those places I would like to step into, for I don't suppose you want me to come pushing my way into the whole paper at once. That is just what I should like to do, as I have been a silent reader as long as I could stand it. You will say it is a hard matter for a lady to keep silent for very long. What do you say when I tell you I am not a lady? I am an old married man, not so very old, though, as I have been married but once, and only for eight years. I have three babies. My first is a girl, second a boy, third and last another darling girl. Of course the little girls are my pick (large ones too).

My wife left us. We didn't have a quarrel, she has just gone on a two months' vacation to my dear old mother's home in Pennsylvania. I shall join her next month, if Providence allows. You will all sympathize with me, I know. It isn't the least amusing to have to cook for myself, make beds, sweep, etc., but I know my little wife is having a good vacation and is getting the rest she is entitled to take. While I cannot go away for so long myself, I am the stronger, and more able to stand work longer than she is. I haven't been away on a vacation for nineteen months, and haven't missed a day for many years.

My wife and babies are my pride and care. I hope all you young folks will some day have your own, then you will know how lonesome and how quiet the house seems when they are away for a few weeks. It makes one wish they could always have them, and it makes one think of all the mean things they have done them, and new resolutions are made never to cause them any heartaches.

Well, here I am writing a letter as though I had been admitted to your circle, when I haven't even been invited. If I am not turned loose in the waste basket and lost there, I will guarantee that I will come again, and some day I will send you some pictures of old West Virgina.—Rain Drop.

I live on the southern slope of a typical Ohio valley, and am very fond of music when I do not do the playing myself. Probably I am not the only one among the M. G. R.'s who is troubled in the same way. While you read this I may be at school getting an education. Although this is my first letter to the circle, I have been trying to make an application of your motto. I am somewhat late for the questions under discussion, but I will make an answer to the last: What is your weak point?

Mine is forgetfulness. I might say now, since nearly all have answered this question, that we might tell others how to overcome their weak point or help them in some way. Those having a quick temper—I noticed not a few had—might receive benefit by counting to ten before speaking.—School Boy.

The one who sent an inquiry to Florida Old Man, regarding the best soil for lemons, will please take notice of this letter:

In answer to the request as to the best soil for lemons, I will say that the citrons family thrives best in sand loam, with clay subsoil and rotted vegetation. Especially leaves of trees, which give good support to growth and fruit. The lemon is not largely raised in Florida as the soil seems to produce a coarser kind than is desirable. Oranges, grape fruit, limes, etc., grown here are better flavored and more highly prized than anywhere else in the world.

My badge attracts considerable attention, as it is unlike any other in this locality, Miss Country Rosebud, but it has not been seen much of late, as I have been hunting, camping, fishing and visiting where badges are not much worn. Gray Eyes, who inquired privately as to the danger from alligators, is much mistaken. An alligator cannot travel on land much faster than a person can walk. In water they sometimes make a strong bluff, but seldom, if ever, make an attack unless harrassed and cornered, or when they are in their nest. I have been in bathing hundreds of times with alligators within a short distance, but could never get near enough to touch them. As to snakes, I have not seen a dozen during the past year, and they were only harmless ones.—Florida Old Man.

My favorite virtue is a sunny disposition.

In man I like strength, honor and courage, and in woman modesty and gentleness.

My weak point, I have so many I don't know which to tell of, but I believe selfishness is my greatest, but, honestly, I try to fight that selfish feeling away, but sometimes it will come back in spite of myself.—Jo March.

Another West Virginia girl asks admittance with this letter.

Like many of the other members, I am a lover of books, in fact they are my daily companions, as I am alone, my father and mother having been dead for more than fourteen years. I have found the truth in those old words: "Just say there is no other can take the place of mother."

I have noticed many members from this state, and their description of their homes are almost like seeing the original West Virginia hills. My home is in the country, which, at the time of writing this letter, looks one mass of rolling green, there being beautiful hills to see in every direction.

I live only a short distance from one of the old mounds famed in history. As to my opinion regarding the correspondence question, I think the girls have the same privilige in regard to letter writing as the boys. Custom is ever changing, and women are daily going into employments that at one time were open only to men, and why should not custom in letter writing change also? If we are all created free and equal, why should not every one have equal rights in letter writing as well as in anything else.

I will not try to answer any of the other questions, exept to say I think my weakest point is jealousy.—W. Va. Dewdrop.

This week we are pleased to acknowledge letters from Happy Hours, P. G. S., of Ohio, Odetta, Black-Eyed Clara, Pine Grover, An Oregon Girl and The Girl from N. Y.

Mrs. Elzora H. Cox:—There are no formalities connected with your joining the M. G. R., except that you write a letter for publication in the column at least once a year. We shall be glad to have you one of us any time you wish to write.

The Light That Shone

The matron of the Children's Hospital had just asked Jim, a new patient, if he was not thankful he had such a nice place to be sick in, and he had answered:

"Thankful? Yes'm. A fellow generally is thankful when he has to go on crutches all his life."

The next morning when Jim opened his eyes he saw hanging right before him a picture that he had noticed on his arrival the day before.

"Some old picture they didn't want, and so they sent it here. That's the way they generally do. It's a wonder it isn't the picture of some fellow dying, with a crowd of people looking at him."

It was a photograph of two boys; the one was dark and handsome, while the face of the other was as pure and sweet as that of an angel. The longer Jim looked, the better he liked the picture. At last, unable to enjoy it alone any longer, he spoke to his neighbor in a loud whisper:

"Look at that picture over there."

"Who are those boys?"

"Don't know, but I like them."

"What is that light around that one's head?"

"Don't know; I wish it wasn't there. It doesn't look real. We'll ask the matron when she comes in."

Jim studied the picture until the sweet faces seemed like friends, and a new light had come into his life. Miss Marion, the matron, sometimes felt discouraged about visiting at the hospital. On this warm day in particular she almost gave up going; but something in Jim's farewell glance the week before, made her feel that to one sufferer at least her visits were helpful. This time his face was so bright when she entered the ward, that she was startled.

"What has happened to please you, Jim?"

He pointed to the picture.

"Christ and John the Baptist. That is a copy of a celebrated picture by a painter named Guido; he lived three hundred years ago. Do you like it?"

"Like it? I have been wishing you would come and tell me who they are, and why that blue-eyed boy has that light around his head."

"Jim, it is a picture of Christ. No one knows how He looked; but I think the artist was inspired when he painted that face. You know one of Jesus' names is Light of the World; and He told His disciples that they, too, were to be like lights in this dark world. The old painters often put a light like that around the heads of Christ and the saints. Shall I tell you what it means? Everyone in this world, whether he knows it or not, has an influence over other people. The influence of a good person is like a light shining in darkness. Are not your dark hours brightened by the visits of the good people who come to see you? The artists could not paint the good influences of the saints; so they expressed it by putting a light around their heads."

Jim repeated softly:

"Jesus bids us shine,
You in your small corner,
I in mine."

"I learned that long ago, but did not know what it meant. If you will tell me now, maybe I can shine; but," and the voice choked with sobs, "how can a fellow like me shine? I am lame, and I haven't much education, and I'm poor."

"Jim," said Miss Marion, "those disciples to whom Jesus said, 'Ye are the light of the world,' were poor, and some of them were by no means highly educated. It did not seem as if they ever would have much chance to shine, did it? But it does not mean being rich or famous. It is what you have within you that makes the light around you. If your heart is pure, you can make others pure. If you are like Christ, you can make those around you more like Christ. If you have Christ within you He will shine through you; and so, as He was the Light of the World, you will be a light in the world."

Jim's eyes were fixed on the sweet face beside him. Miss Marion had uncovered her head, and the last rays of the setting sun just touched the outline of her golden hair, until, to the boy, it seemed as if she, too, had a shining halo around her head. The tears ran down his cheeks as he felt the divine light breaking into his heart. He looked again at the picture. The lovely face of the Christ-child was in a flood of light, and Jim felt as if he were in the presence of something holy.

"My small corner," he said, "is—where?"

The last words were uttered in a husky tone. The answer came softly and tearfully:

"Here, Jim, on this bed just as long as it is necessary for you to stay. Our corners are just where God puts us."

Jim was left alone to think it over. Shine on that cot where he had lain for weeks "It's a mighty dark corner," he groaned. "Maybe a little light would go a good way. Jesus was a poor boy; He worked in His father's carpenter shop in a little town. I never thought much about it before. The painter put that light around His head to show that He was a light in the world, then, when He wasn't any older than I am. His corner was small, too; and I believe He will help me to shine anywhere if I ask Him."

It was months before Jim could leave his "small corner." Often he felt weary; the quick, impatient words would come. Some ugly habits were not to be easily given up. Each day brought its trials and temptations. Sometimes, when speaking an unkind word, his eyes would fall on the face opposite to him, and a voice seemed to say: "You in your small corner."

At last the doctor said: "Tomorrow you can leave."

When Miss Marion came to say goodbye, she found Jim in tears at the thought of leaving his picture and the "corner" which he had learned to love and in which he was beginning to shine.

For a long time afterward he often visited the ward, and the sound of Jim's crutch was the signal of rejoicing among the boys. He always came with a happy face and many a cripple was cheered by his smile.

Jim's corner is larger now; but the secret of his happiness is the same as when he was lying in his cot in the hospital. The light that shone in that "small corner" fitted him to shine in the larger one.—Thornwell Hayes.

MARY J. HOLMES

The death of Mary J. Holmes occurred at her home in Brockport, N. Y., on October 5, in the eightieth year of her life. Fifty-one years ago Mrs. Holmes began writing novels. Her last one, Connie's Mistake, was published in 1905. In the years between she wrote more than thirty novels, which had an aggregate circulation of 2,000,000 copies. With the exception of Harriet Beecher Stowe, of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame, her books had a wider circulation and yielded larger returns than those of any other American woman writer.

Her stories appealed especially to young girls, and many a woman of today says, with truth, "the first novel I ever read was one by Mary J. Holmes."

Mrs. Holmes was born Mary Jane Hawes, of Brookfield, Mass., in 1828. At the age of 12 years she was a school teacher in her native state. She taught until her marriage with Daniel J. Holmes in 1849. In 1852 they moved to Brockport, where Mrs. Holmes began her novel writing career. After she had won fame and money as an author, she traveled extensively.

While Mrs. Holmes was not a writer of great novels, she wrote clean, wholesome love romances, which are still widely read. Their simplicity of style appeals to the many, and the happy ending of all trouble brings each book to a satisfying conclusion.

In her personal life Mrs. Holmes was of singularly winsome manner. She was beloved, not only by her own townspeople, but wherever her unusually wide acquaintance extended. Probably among Mrs. Holmes' most popular works were Tempest and Sunshine, published in 1854; English Orphans, (1855); Lena Rivers, (1856), and so on through a long list extending to within a few years past, her period of popularity and success having covered more than half a century.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Master Is Coming.

They say, "The Master is coming
To honor the town today,
And none can tell at whose house or home
The Master will choose to stay."
And I thought, while my heart beat wildly,
What if he should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the guest divine?

And straight I turned to tolling
To make my home more neat;
I swept, and polished, and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet;
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hastened and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said, "I cannot listen,
Nor help you any today;
I have greater things to attend to,"
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—
A cripple, thin, pale and gray—
And said, "O let me stop and rest
Awhile in your home, I pray!
I have traveled far since morning,
I am hungry and faint and weak:
My heart is full of misery,
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said, "I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot help you today;
I look for a great and noble guest,"
And the cripple went away.
And the day wore on more swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was in my heart
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet him
And serve him with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me
With a face so sweet and fair—
Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops,
And his clothes were tattered and old;
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I am sorry for you;
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten otherwhere."
And at the words a shadow
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow;
"Someone will feed and clothe you, dear,
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,
And my toil was over and done;
My house was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dark alone;
Watched but no foot-fall sounded,
No one paused at my gate,
No one entered my cottage door,
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come;
"He has entered some other door," I cried,
"And gladdened some other home!"
My labor has been for nothing,
And I bowed my head and wept.
My heart was sore with longing,
Yet, spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
And His face was grave and fair;
"Three times today I came to your door
And craved your pity and care:
Three times you sent Me onward,
Unhelped and uncomforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!
How could I know it was Thee?"
My very soul was shamed and bowed
In the depths of humility.
And He said, "Thy sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee;
For, comforting not the least of Mine,
Ye have failed to comfort Me."

The Old Arm Chair.

I love it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear,
To gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped;
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering lip and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops steal down my cheek;
But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm chair.

Two Orphans.

The evening's bright stars, they were shining,
The moonbeams shone clear on our land.
Our city was in peace and quietness,
The hour of midnight at hand.
But hark! Do you hear that cry? Fire!
How dismal those bells they do sound.
Our Brooklyn theatre is burning!
Alas! burning fast to the ground.

CHORUS.

We ne'er can forget The Two Orphans.
Bad luck seems to be in its wake.
It seems it was brought to our city
The lives of our dear friends to take.

The doors, they were opened at seven,
The curtain was rolled up at eight.
Those who had got seats they were happy.
Outside they were mad who were late.
The play it went on very smoothly
Till sparks from the scenes they did fly.
It's then men, women and children,
"Oh! God, save our lives," they did cry.

Next morn, in amongst those black ruins,
Oh, God! what a sight met our eyes!
The dead they were lying in all shapes;
Some there that none could recognize.
Poor mothers, there weeping and crying
For sons that were out all that night.
Oh, God! let their souls rest in heaven,
Amongst the innocent and bright.

What means this large gathering of people
Upon such a cold, dreary day?
Or what means this long line of hearses,
With tops plumed in feathered array?
Far out to the cemetery of Greenwood,
Where the wind makes the lone willow sigh?
'Tis there where the funeral is going,
The poor unknown dead there to lie.

Waiting for the Freight.

At the lone and dreary station of a little country town,
That lies dreaming on the prairie, as the sleepy sun goes down,
I am waiting in the twilight writing you this little song,
Waiting, idly waiting, for the freight to come along.

Now and then far up above me, little stars begin to glow,
Soft night winds are gently rising, whispering so sweet and low,
As if bearing me a message, from the lips I know of late,
Just a tender thought to cheer me, while I'm waiting for the freight.

And I think how many thousand fellow travelers on the road,
Like myself are sad and lonely, bearing manfully this load,
Far away from those who love them, toiling early, toiling late,
And my heart goes out to greet them, while waiting for the freight.

If all traveling men were Christians, what an army we would be,
Selling goods unto the merchant, in a joyful Christian glee;
And when talking to the merchant, we would try and not be late,
To invite him to our Saviour while we're waiting for the freight.

And just think how many thousands might be saved, just this way,
Men who do not know our Saviour, and were never taught to pray;
The houses we're selling for, the merchant and the states
Would all be saved for Jesus, while we're waiting for the freights.

And I trust that when my journey on the train of life is o'er,
I will board the freight that's headed for that far distant shore.
I will trust the great Conductor, for His train is never late:
Fellow travelers, all get ready, while you're waiting for the freight.

O Captain! My Captain!

By Walt Whitman.

O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done.
The ship has weathered every rack; the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung; for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here, captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still.
My father does not feel my arm; he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done.
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. Was educated at the public schools of Brooklyn and New York. During the civil war he served as volunteer nurse in the army hospitals, and at the close was appointed as government clerk at Washington. He was never married. He died in Camden, N. J., 1892.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time, but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The stanzas were composed while Burns lay on some sheaves in the harvest field with his eyes fixed on a star of exceeding brightness.

POEMS WANTED.

Can anyone send the Legend of the Northland, of which the first verse is this:

Away, away, in the northland
Where the hours of the day are few
And the nights are so long in winter
They cannot sleep them through.

What is the rest of this song:

There is a future, O thank God!
Of life this is so small a part,
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod.
But there, up there 'tis heart to heart.

Who knows the poem that commences like this:

In speaking of another's faults,
Pray don't forget you own.

D. E. G. would like the remainder of the poem beginning: "A summer's day at Gettysburg dawned with the sweetest light." It is entitled The Twenty-Third Psalm at the Battle of Gettysburg.

Will someone kindly give this poem on the first meeting of Pocahontas with John Smith in England. These are two lines:

White man's tongue was false, it told me,
Told me that my brave was dead.

An Octogenarian would like the poem of which the following lines are a part:

The unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth the Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

The song, "There Is No Time Like the Old Time," is asked for. The first lines are like this:

There is no time like the old time, when
you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and
the birds of springtime sung.

The song, beginning as follows, is wanted:

I did not like my master,
He did not use me well,
I formed a resolution,
Not long with him to dwell.

The song in which are the words,

Where my angel mother died.

A LITTLE CHAT.

S. A. J. sends this amusing parody of the well-known quotation from Scott's Lay of the Minstrel:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
"I will my county paper take,
Both for my own and family's sake."

If such there be, let him repent,
And have the paper to him sent,
And if he'd pass a happy winter,
He in advance should pay the printer.

C. A. D.:—The beautiful poem entitled The Master is Coming was written by Mrs. Emma A. Lent.

In response to recent inquiries, we have received the poems Prayers and Potatoes, Who Will Greet Me First in Heaven, and Flitting Away.

"I cannot sing the old songs
With memories 'round them clinging,"
Said Uncle Ben.
And added then:
"The new ones ain't wuth singing."

The requiem beginning "Under the wide and starry skies," which appeared in the Poets' Corner of October 10, was written by Robert Louis Stevenson, a famous writer who, on account of ill health, went to Samoa with his family, where he lived and wrote his books until he died, in 1894.

ES BIG AS A PENNY

rd Head and Neck—Hair All me Out—Suffered 6 Months—ed Cuticura Costing $1.50 —Cured in Three Weeks.

fter having the measles my whole and neck were covered with scaly about as large as a penny. They just as thick as they could be. air all came out. I let the trouble long, taking the doctor's blood dies and rubbing on salve, but it ot seem to get any bet er. It that way for about six months; I got a set of the Cuticura Reme- and in about a week I noticed a fference, and in three weeks it ell entirely and I have not had ouble any more, and as this was years ago, I consider myself I used one bottle of Cuticura vent, one box of Cuticura Oint- and two cakes of Cuticura Soap. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 906."

D BOY ADMITS PLOT

t Infernal Machines to Colorado Men.

nver, Colo., Oct. 9.—Governor Hen- Buchtel, David H. Moffat, presi- of the First National bank of Den- nd Charles B. Kountz, president of Colorado National bank, yesterday ved through the mails infernal ma- s containing sufficient dynamite to caused great destruction of lives property, had they been exploded. warning had been given to the re- ts of the machines by Chief of Po- Delaney, who had obtained a con- n from Kemp V. Bigelow, by they were mailed, and no one was

Sent Other Machines.

elow confessed, also, that he had nfernal machines to Lawrence C. s and Edward Chase. e machines received by Messrs. Mof- nd Kountz were turned over to the . The one sent to Governor Buch- s received by the governor's pri- secretary, Alfred C. Montgomery, emoved the wrapper and disclosed with a sliding cover. His suspi- were aroused and he reported the e to Governor Buchtel, who then ed him that he had been warned e chief of police to be on the look- an infernal machine. istant General Kelley and officers police department were called and ex was carefully opened. It was to contain two sticks of dynamite ich were attached fuses and caps, which were packed in black powder. sliding top was lined with sand pa- and matches had been placed with heads in contact with the sand pa- e other infernal machines were erparts of this. elow gave no satisfactory ex- ation of his motive for sending machines and seemed to have no purpose than to cause a sensa-

Clerk in Bookstore.

elow arrived in Denver several s ago and became a clerk in a tore. He claims to be the son L. Bigelow, of Bryan, O. nday night Bigelow notified the s that he had overheard two men s about a plot to kill Edward , Governor Buchtel and other inent citizens, and that Chase's nce was to be blown up that t. search of the Chase premises dis- d a package containing ten sticks ynamite.

Parents Live at Bryan.

yan, O., Oct. 9.—Kemp V. Bige- who is accused in Denver of ing infernal machines to Gov- Buchtel, David H. Moffat, ker C. B. Kuntz, Lawrence Phipps, teel man, and Ed Chase, head of mbling syndicate, is a son of Mr. Mrs. A. L. Bigelow, of Bryan. He here for Denver in August. elow is 23 years old and was in the postoffice here four years. ar ago he resigned to buy a news , which he conducted util this mer. In August he went to Den- where he had been employed in ookstore.

OLERA IS SPREADING

Situation Is Alarming in Crowded Tokio.

kio, Oct. 9.—The cholera outbreak is ng alarming proportions in Tokio. teen new cases have been reported ay. The municipality has issued the urgent instructions regarding the s to be employed to prevent its ad and cautioning the populace of anger, and the authorities are tak- very precaution possible. Tokio is ed as particularly dangerous, on nt of its over-population and the ding among the lower classes. disease is spreading also into Ko- The arrangements for the visit to of Yoshih Ito, crown prince of Ja- are proceeding, but in case the chol- the peninsula should become worse, prince, who is to leave in two days, remain on board the warship Che-

RELESS AROUND EARTH

rconi Ready to Experiment th Preliminary Apparatus

rth Sydney, N. S., Oct. 9.—With the gements for a wireless service be- Europe and America so far pro- ed that the trans-Atlantic service be taken for an assured fact, nt, the Italian inventor, will in a fortnight leave for the sta- at Clifden, Ireland, the European inal, where he intends to conduct er experiments looking to the mission of aerial messages direct Europe to the Pacific coast. A will be erected at Vancouver, B. a part of this plan, which is in- as one of the preliminary stages reless communication around the

ST SHOW CERTIFICATE

rt Orders Platt-Wood Wedding Papers Produced.

w York, Oct. 11.—An order direct- seph Day Lee, a lawyer, to pro- the alleged marriage certificate a letter in which his client, Mae Platt, alleges Senator Thomas tt admits his marriage to her, ade by Justice McCall yesterday. roceeding was preliminary to the of Miss Wood's suit for divorce nator Platt, which is on the for early trial. nsel for Senator Platt told the that he was ready to go on with l, and asked that the documents mediately produced. The plain- nsel replied that Miss Wood e papers, and that it would re- ten days to bring them east. A gement of ten days finally was d upon.

PE PERMITS MARRIAGE

ws Wedding of Princess Marie to Prince George.

me, Oct. 10.—The pope has granted ispensation permitting the marriage incess Marie Bonaparte, who is a ne, to Prince George of Greece, a member of the orthodox Greek h, on the condition, which is to set forth in a signed document, that children resulting from the union be brought up as Catholics.

GERONIMO HAS MESSAGE FOR INDIANS

Famous Apache Says Spirit Father Told Him to Lead His People to Happiness.

Tulsa, I. T., Oct. 14.—Geronimo, Apache prisoner of war, accompanied by his eighth wife and his daughter, passed through Tulsa yesterday for Collinsville, where he is to be the guest of honor at the last Indian war dance and powpow. The old warrior looked tired and worn; but through his interperter he said it was trouble on his mind that made him appear weary. Discussing the object of his visit and the probable effect it might have, Geronimo said:

"The celebration at Collinsville is a religious rite, and not a bloodthirsty affair. I will discuss questions of vital concern affecting the full bloods in the new state and their spiritual welfare. The spirit father in the clouds has sent a message to all Indians, and I will deliver it to them while the dance goes on. I have made peace with my master and my mission is to lead my people safely across the broad field of peace to eternal happiness. I am no longer an old Apache warrior who killed and scalped white men merely for pleasure, but am an old man full of sorrow and regrets."

TRIED BLACKMAILING

Ohioan Arrested at Denver Makes Another Confession.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 11.—Kemp Bigelow, the young clerk from Bryan, Ohio, who mailed dynamite packages last Monday to Governor Buchtel and several other prominent citizens, confessed yesterday that he was also author of letters mailed August 29 to the Burlington, the Moffat Road, the Adams Express company, the Daniels & Fisher Storage company, the May Shoe & Clothing company, and to Postmaster Paul Souris demanding amounts varying from $10,000 to $50,000, and aggregating $190,000.

The letters threatened that unless the demands were complied with, passenger trains would be dynamited and the Daniels & Fisher and May stores and the federal building in this city would be blowed up, and C. M. Day, local agent of the Adams Express company, would be killed within thirty days.

Susnicion was directed to Bigelow by the similarity between the hand-writing in the threatening letters, and the addresses on the infernal machines. At first Bigelow denied that he wrote the black-mailing letters, but he later broke down.

Say Boy Is Insane.

Special Telegram to The Bl de.

Bryan, O., Oct. 11.—Latest information received here by A. L. Bigelow, father of Ke V. Bigelow, held on the charge of sending dynamite through the mails at Denver, Colo., to prominent business men of that town, and to the governor of Colorado, is to the effect that the boy is insane. Mr. Bigelow started for Denver last night, and will remain until the case is disposed of. Mr. Bigelow is superintendent of the Farmer township school. west of here, and had to secure someone to fill his position during his absence, as the schools are now in session. The boy's mother is heart-broken over the disgrace that has befallen her son, through his sensational plot at Denver.

PRAYED AMID FLAMES

Steamer Has Narrow Escape in Mid-Ocean.

New York, Oct. 10.—The Austrian steamer Giulia, which arrived today from Trieste, with 763 passengers, had a narrow escape from destruction by fire in midocean during a violent storm on October 3.

The crew fought the flames all day before they were extinguished, while the panic-stricken passengers prayed for help.

WHIPS BOTH TWINS TO BE SURE OF ONE.

Pittsburg, Oct. 12.—Professor John A. Hollinger, assistant principal of the Soho school district, became weary yesterday of being fooled by Halbert and Albert Knightlinger, 13-year-old twins, who can hardly tell themselves apart. When one of them got into mischief, Hollinger licked them both just to make sure the guilty one would not escape.

Today he was sued for assault and battery by Mrs. Knightlinger, the angry mother. He says he doesn't care what happens now, as he feels that this has been once that the twins didn't get the best of him.

He asserts that the names Halbert and Albert are confusing at best, but when they blamed things on each other until he got dizzy he decided to lick them both the first time one of them committed an overt act.

ARREST MRS. VANDERBILT

Grand Larceny Charge Grows Out of Recent Suit.

New York, Oct. 11.—Mrs. Mary Ann S. Pepper-Vanderbilt, the spiritualist medium, was formally placed under arrest yesterday on a charge of grand larceny. The charge is an outgrowth of the recent proceeding brought by relatives of Edward Ward Vanderbilt, after he had married Mrs. Pepper, as a result of which he was declared incompetent to manage his affairs.

It is charged that Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt obtained Vanderbilt's house and lot in Brooklyn under false pretenses.

Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt went to the offices of the district attorney and surrendered herself. Before she could be arraigned in court her counsel appeared with a writ of habeas corpus and she was released in $1,000 bail.

WILL SOON ISSUE THE CALL

For Meeting of Republican National Committee.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 14.—Elmer Dover, secretary of the Republican national committee, arrived in Washington last night. He is on one of his periodical visits, but this time will stay a little longer than usual, because he expects Harry S. New, the acting chairman of the committee, here this week.

After Mr. New reaches the city the call for the quadrennial meeting of the national committee will be prepared and promulgated. As usual, the meeting will be called for some time in December. The committee on that occasion will fix the time and place for the next national convention. There are now seven applicants for the convention, namel, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle Pittsburg and Boston. Evidently Atlantic City also intends to apply, because pertiuent information has been asked for from Secretary Dover.

CLASH OVER A COLLEGE

Michigan Presbyterians Reject Carnegie Pension.

Bay City, Mich., Oct. 11.—After three hours of warm debate here yesterday the Presbyterian synod of Michigan, by a vote of 63 to 33, declined to approve the action of the trustees of Alma college in declaring that institution non-sectarian, which the trustees did in order that the instructors employed there might profit by the Carnegie pension fund for teachers.

J. T. Wylie, of Grand Rapids, a trustee of the college, then announced that the board did not require the approval of the synod and that its members did not have to look to the synod for appointment.

The synod authorized the appointment of a committee of five to investigate the whole question and report next year at Kalamazoo.

CHINESE ENTHUSIASTIC.

Taft's Unofficial Visit Regarded as Epoch Making.

Shanghai, Oct. 10.—The comment of the Chinese press, officials and people on the visit to Shanghai of War Secretary Taft is most enthusiastic. The reports published in the newspapers of this city on the subject have been telegraphed to all parts of China.

Although the visit of Mr. Taft to China is unofficial, it is regarded as epoch-making and assuring a good feeling on the part of China in the United States. The Chinese consider the United States to be the only power not wanting to annex a portion of territory of China and as being disinterestedly concerned in China's welfare. It is regarded as assured that the utterances of Mr. Taft will give American business men in China renewed confidence to push the lines of trade in which the United States is interested.

CROWN PRINCE IS STUDYING

Duties He Will Assume in Due Course of Time.

Berlin, Oct. 14.—Crown Prince Frederick William today began a year's work in the Prussian ministry of the interior, as part of his preparation for assuming the crown in due course of time. He will study the working of each department of the ministry according to a program approved by the emperor and under the personal supervision of the minister of the interior. The prince will be present at the conferences between the minister and the chiefs of the bureaus, and also will be required to prepare reports on selected subjects for submission to the cabinet.

It is understood that the crown prince will successively serve in each important ministry until he becomes familiar with the whole system of administration.

An order has been issued relieving the prince from military duty for a year.

HERE'S ANOTHER AFFINITY

Preacher Finds a "Living Soul" —Alienists Called.

New York, Oct. 12.—Rev. Maxwell J. H. Walenta, pastor of the German mission church, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Louis A. Bauer, a parishioner and the wife of an electrotyper, were arrested yesterday and in court were held for an inquiry into their mental conditions.

The accused minister, who is 28 years of age, denied wrong doing. "She and her husband had differences," he explained. "I saw it was impossible for me to effect a reconciliation. I welcomed her to my church. I felt in Mrs. Bauer a living soul, and my soul cried aloud for somebody who was alive in the twentieth century. In her I realized my affinity."

"I believe you both need to be examined as to your mental condition," commented the magistrate, who committed the prisoners.

AMERICAN EDUCATED WIN

Chinese Schooled in U. S. Take Honors at Home.

Peking, Oct. 14.—The conferring of degrees by the board of education upon foreign educated Chinese has just taken place and again the graduates of American colleges have been awarded the honors in seven of the highest Chinese degrees granted. Of these four went to the University of California graduates and one to a Leland Stanford, Jr., University. This was the third annual conferring of degrees.

Since the graduates of American colleges achieved such noted distinction in 1906 a high spirit of rivalry has existed between them and the Japanese schooled Chinese. This is supported by the patriotic feeling in Japan, where the number of Chinese students is increasing annually.

MITCHELL UNDER KNIFE

President of Mine Workers to Undergo an Operation.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 14.—John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, entered the hospital of LaSalle, Ill., yesterday, and it is said he will submit to an operation for appendicitis.

PLAN A MERGER OF GAS

Standard Interests in a Proposed $100,000 Combine.

Complete Changes in the Oil Company Proper Are Scheduled to Follow.

Pittsburg, Oct. 14.—One of the first steps in the proposed reorganization of the Standard Oil company will be the concentration of the natural gas interests of the Standard under one company, with Pittsburg as the headquarters.

It is proposed to use the People's Natural Gas company, of Pittsburg, as the nucleus of the new organization. It is intended to obtain a New Jersey charter for the company and capitalize it at $100,000,000.

Ever since John D. Rockefeller ended his long vacation and returned to his office, he has been in consultation with John D. Archbold with reference to a better grouping of the widely scattered gas interests. The Standard now owns companies in various parts of the country which are devoted exclusively to the transportation and distribution of natural gas. It is said that in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana, the Standard furnishes natural gas to more than 2,000,000 consumers in 122 cities, towns and villages.

Make Big Corporation.

The concentration of these companies under one head will make it by far the greatest natural gas corporation in the world.

It is the desire to have the fuel business put into better shape, better regulate the field supply, the trunk lines and distribution centers, also the price. This fuel is now selling in all markets of the Standard at 30 cents per thousand feet, save in Pittsburg, where the fight of Mayor Guthrie has so far prevented the intended advance. Closely related to the People's company is the Hope and the Reserve Natural Gas companies, the Taylorstown Natural Gas company, the People's Natural Gas company, of Turtle Creek, and the Burgettstown Oil and Gas company.

The East Ohio Natural Gas company, with a capital of $6,000,000, now supplies Cleveland and northeastern Ohio, while the Northwestern Ohio Natural Gas company, with $3,300,000 capital, supplies Toledo and the northwestern end of that state. The United States Natural Gas company, of Franklin, with $3,000,000 capital, supplies many towns in the old oil country sections of Western Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Gas company, of Warren, Pa., with $8,000,000 capital, takes care of a score of large towns and manufacturing centers in the western end of Pennsylvaia. The United Natural Gas company, of Bradford, and the Bellevernon Light and Heat company, now closely related, will also likely be absorbed.

Oil Company Next.

Following a reorganization of the natural gas companies, oil operators here say that complete changes will be made in the oil company itself and that its capital will be raised to equalize the heavy investments.

Mr. Rockefeller does not desire this to appear too great, and to reduce this is one of his most important reasons for the divorce of the natural gas business from that of refining and producing oil. The deal is to be closed January 1.

ASKED ABOUT BIG LOANS

Standard's Comptroller on the Witness Stand.

Brainard Says He Was Ordered to Make Loans, but Knows Nothing Further.

New York, Oct. 14.—Alfred H. B. Brainard, comptroller of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey and many of its subsidiary companies, was questioned today when called as a witness in the government's suit against the oil combine, concerning large loans made to James McDonald by the Anglo-American Oil company. Testimony was given last week that the Southern Pipe Line company had loaned over $20,000,000 to Mr. McDonald and that the books of the company showed that it had never been paid back. Mr. Brainard said that he was the American secretary of the Anglo company and that Mr. McDonald was the managing director in London. He was asked concerning loans made by the Anglo company of $2,125,006 in 1905, and $1,427,907 in 1906 to Mr. McDonald. Mr. Brainard said that the loans had been ordered from London and that was all he knew about them.

EMPEROR IS RECOVERING

Francis Joseph Continues to Show Improvement.

Physicians Hopeful, but Complete Recovery Not Expected for Long Time.

Vienna, Oct. 11.—Emperor Francis Joseph passed a comfortable and quiet night, his sleep being occasionally interrupted by coughing. This morning his temperature was lower than it was last night. His majesty rose at his usual time, drank a glass of champagne to stimulate his appetite, which is still poor, and asked for the state documents prepared for his perusal, after which he began reading and signing papers.

The doctors in attendance on the emperor express themselves as being hopeful, but they add that his complete recovery is not expected for a long time.

IRISH CAUSE PROGRESSES

Says John Dillon, Who Returns to Political Activity.

Dublin, Oct. 14.—John Dillon, member of parliament from East Mayo, has returned to political activity, and in a letter addressed to the Tyrone Nationalists declares himself thoroughly in sympathy with John Redmond and his party. He declared the criticism of Redmond was absolutely without foundation, and said that Redmond acted with the greatest possible independence, courage and judgment, and that the Irish cause had made more progress in the last two years than in any two years during the thirty years of his political life. When the facts about the council bill become fully known, he declared that Redmond and his party would be triumphantly vindicated.

SENTENCE 16 MEN TO DIE

Condemned for Conspiring to Overthrow Government.

Kingston, Jamaica, Oct. 11.—Mail advices from Hayti state that sixteen men were sentenced to death there for conspiracy to overthrow the government of the republic.

The country is reported quiet, but many persons fear a revolution soon.

WILL EXPLORE LAND OF CANNIBALS

George M. Boynton to Head Expedition to Center of the South American Continent.

New York, Oct. 12.—George Melville Boynton, an explorer, announces that with a party of students and scientists he will penetrate the center of the South American continent and explore thoroughly a wide strip of country where white men never have been. The party will start from New York next January, and may be gone five years.

Cannibals infest the country where the explorers will spend most of their time, but no particular danger is apprehended from them. Mr. Boynton lived with them for months several years ago when he explored the head waters of the Amazon.

The unknown country into which the explorers will go is full of natural wonders, among them the black orchid. It is expected that the expedition will cost in all about $100,000, and this will be supplied by the members of the party.

CRASH IN DETROIT RIVER

One Man Killed When Ship Went Down.

Detroit, Oct. 14.—One man was killed and the steel steamer John W. Moore was sunk early yesterday in a collision between the Moore and Queen City in the Detroit river, just above the Limeklin crossing.

The Queen City is at the Ecorse yard of the Great Lakes Engineering Works, with her bulwarks flattened to the deck and her forepeak filled with water. The two steamers met almost head on. The Queen City crushed in the bows of the John W. Moore as far back as the pilot house.

Wheelman Duncan McIntyre, of Sombra, Ont., was asleep in his room on the port side of the Moore, and was crushed to death in the crash. His body was carried down with the steamer. It was recovered later by a diver.

The Moore was upbound with coal, and the Queen City was down bound, towing the barge 132, both ore laden.

The Moore is close to the channel, and vessels are warned to be careful in passing.

The Moore is owned by Frank M. and M. O. Osborne, of Cleveland. She is of steel, is of 1,961 tons burden and was built in the Craig yards in Toledo in 1890. Only last year she was placed in dry dock and given extensive repairs. She is valued at $100,000, and was classed for insurance purposes as A No. 1. She is 246 feet long.

The Queen City is owned by the Pittsburg Steamship company, and is a steel propeller. She was built in Cleveland in 1896, and is of 3,979 tons' burden. She hails from the port of Duluth and is valued at $215,000. For insurance purposes she is classed also as A No. 1.

In Cleveland the John W. Moore was known as a stanch steel vessel of the old type. The boat had never been in an accident before.

WOMAN OF RANK WEDS EX-CONVICT LOVER.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 9.—Miss Clara Cecilia Leach, a wealthy woman of this city, was wedded to John W. Maher, a former convict, in St. John's church, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Thomas Griffin.

The romance behind the wedding involves the unwavering devotion of a woman of rank for a business man whom she loved, despite the disgrace following his arrest, indictment for larceny and forgery, and consequent conviction for larceny and incarceration for nearly four years in jail.

ARMY OFFICER ARRESTED

Charged With Implication in Forgery of Three Notes.

New York, Oct. 12.—A young man who claims to be First Lieutenant Allan Lefort, U. S. A., is under arrest here charged with implication in the forgery of three notes aggregating $8,250. Lefort, who says he is stationed at Fort Slocum, but is now on sick leave, is accused of forging the names of army officers to secure loans from Norton & Co., bankers, of Wheeling, W. Va.

An application for a loan purporting to come from Captain G. P. White, of the Sixth cavalry, led to the arrest. The letter was sent from New York city and Norton & Co. happened to know Captain White was stationed in the Philippines.

ELECTRICITY CANCER CURE

French Physician Demonstrates a Remarkable Discovery.

Paris, Oct. 12.—Dr. Keating Hart, of Marseilles, has given a practical demonstration in this city, at the Broca hospital for women, of the new electro-surgical cure for cancer, which up to the present time, has shown the most wonderful results.

The system consists of applying in a special manner high tension intermittent sparks to the cancerous growths. These are softened by the electricity and their cutting out is made easy. At the same time the electricity causes the wound to heal with magical rapidity, kills all pain, and prevents a recurrence of the growths. This electrical process, which has been named "fulguration," can be applied also to cancer in the head where operations are impossible.

NO THOUGHT OF RETIRING

Admiral Evans Is Not Worried by Rumors.

New York, Oct. 14.—Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans arrived here Sunday on his flagship, the Connecticut, and later left for a visit with friends in Poughkeepsie. The admiral has not let the rumor, already denied, that he was to retire at an early date, worry him. He said:

"I have no intention of retiring at this time and I never had such intention. I will go with the battleship fleet if I am ordered to do so. I will be ready to move as soon as orders come, if my health permits, and my health is good now."

GENDARMES EXPEL PRIESTS

At Many Places Resistance Is Being Met.

Landerneau, Department of Finisterre, France, Oct. 14.—The priests of the department of Finisterre, having generally refused to quit their presbyteries, which reverted to the communes under the church and state separation law, are now being expelled by the aid of gendarmes.

At many places resistance was encountered. At Relecq the gendarmes were forced to break in the doors of the presbytery in order to eject the priests, who were surrounded by weeping women. At Peneran, after a tumultuous scene, the gendarmes took possession of the bell in the tower of the church in order to prevent the irate populace from arousing the people.

JOKED IN FACE OF DEATH

Waves "Gave Him a Good Boost," Then He Went Down

Sault Ste. Marie, Oct. 14.—Second Mate C. J. Pitt, of Manitowoc, Mich., sole survivor of the Cyprus wreck, arrived here on the tug Schenck late last evening and told his story of the disaster.

"The cause of the wreck was as newspapers have stated," said Pitt. "We were caught in a heavy sea and the water came through hatches faster than it could be pumped out. About 7:45 at night the cargo shifted and the boat went down so suddenly it was impossible for anybody to climb into boats. Four of us, the captain, Smith, Thorn and myself, managed to get aboard a life raft, but the rest jumped into the lake, some with life preservers on. They must have drowned very soon. We were on the raft over six hours, a cold raw wind driving us towards shore. We talked together all the way in and while we all knew we were facing death the situation did not seem to frighten any of us. I knew our worst struggle would come when we struck the breakers. As we neared shore the raft turned over time after time and when within a few hundred feet of land the captain and the others were thrown off. I could see that they were losing strength, for they could not answer when I spoke to them. I tried to help them back on but it was useless. A wave larger than the others sent us ahead faster and the captain said "that gave us a good boost." Soon afterward he went down and I saw him no more. I'll never forget that wild ride. I know the captain was thinking of his family. His wife and two children went up with us, and got off at Superior en route to St. Paul to visit relatives. It was awful. I never want to see anything like it again."

AT SEA WITHOUT FUEL

Sailor Rows 87 Miles to Report Vessel's Predicament.

San Francisco, Oct. 12.—According to advices received in this city the Oceanic Steamship company's steamer Mariposa, which is three days overdue from Tahiti, is 87 miles off coast from Monterey, without coal. First Mate W. D. Watson, who rowed the entire distance to Monterey, reported the steamer's predicament.

The steamer Sporter is reported as having left Monterey to tow the Mariposa to San Francisco. She probably will reach here some time tonight.

LONG CRUISE COMMENCES

Two Warships Start on Trip to Pacific Ocean.

Washington, Oct. 12.—The President's policy of strengthening the defenses on the Pacific coast was practically inaugurated today by the departure from Hampton Roads of the special service squadron, consisting of the armored cruisers Tennessee and Washington, on a long voyage of about 14,000 miles around the coast of South America to Magdalena bay, where the two ships will go through regular navy maneuvers in company with the two new armored cruisers California and South Dakota.

TO TEST THE MISSISSIPPI

New Battleship Leaves Yards for Trial Run.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14.—The battleship Mississippi, built at Cramps' shipyards, left here today for the official trial off the Delaware Capes. Heretofore all official trials of warships built on the Atlantic coast have taken place over the Cape Ann course, off the New England coast, but the Cramps received permission from the government to give the Mississippi the official test off the Delaware Capes, believing that the vessel will easily be able to come up to the contract speed requirements of seventeen knots an hour.

BRIGGS IS IN AN ASYLUM

Retired Commander of U. S. Navy in Paris Hospital.

Paris, Oct. 14.—Commander John Bradford Briggs, U. S. N., retired, was picked up yesterday by the police while wandering aimlessly in the streets, and placed in a hospital for the insane. Subsequently he was turned over to Captain John C. Fremont, naval attache to the American embassy, who placed him under medical treatment.

A dispatch from Paris on Friday said that Commander Briggs' actions were causing alarm to his friends there. He seemed to be suffering from the hallucination of persecuting. That morning he had created a scene at a prominent hotel by declaring that six hundred persons were persuing him.

FRANCE HAS IMPROVED GUN

Gases From Discharge Opens Breach for Reloading.

Paris, Oct. 14.—The French army, which has no exclusive machine gun, is testing the Schwarzlose, a new piece, which differs essentially from the principle of the Maxims, Colt, and patterns employed in other armies.

Instead of functioning by the use of the gases of discharge, the recoil pressure of the shell, when fired, opens the breach for reloading, enabling, it is claimed, much more rapid fire. The opening of the breech is timed so that it does not occur until the ball is out of the barrel, thus preventing danger of accidents.

EDWARD WILL MEET CZAR

Two Rulers Arrange to Hold Interview at Copenhagen.

Copenhagen, Oct. 14.—A meeting between King Edward and the czar has been arranged to occur here, according to the Berlin correspondent of the Politikens.

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4 FULL QTS. $3.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

Send us $3.00 and we will ship you in a plain case with no marks to show contents, four full quarts of ELEDA PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY, express prepaid. Try it and if you do not find it all right and the best you ever tasted, send it back to us at our expense and your $3.00 will be promptly refunded. Isn't that a fair offer?

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Orders for Ark., Cal., Col., Fla., Ida., Mass., Minn., Mont., Nev., New Mexico, N. D., Okla., Ore., R. I., Texas, Utah, Wash. Wyo., or La. must call for twenty quarts or more by freight prepaid.

MORRIS FORST & CO., 222 Smithfield St. Pittsburg, Pa.

Profits and Dividends of The Standard Oil Company

New York, Oct. 9.—For the first time the profits and dividends of the Standard Oil trust, from its conception in 1882 to 1891, were made public at the hearing yesterday.

The profits of the Standard Oil trust, as stated by C. G. Fay, the assistant auditor, were as follows: 1882, $1[illegible]88,56[illegible] 1883, $11,231,790; 1884, $7,778,205; 1885, $8,382,935; 1886, $15,350,787; 1887, $14,026,590; 1888, $12,757,727; 1889, $14,845,201; 1890, $19,131,470; 1891, $16,331,886.

The dividends declared by the Standard Oil trust from 1882 to 1891, were spread on the record as follows: 1882, $3,695,253; 1883, $4,268,086; 1884, $4,288,842; 1885, $7,479,223; 1886, $7,226,452; 1887, $8,463,327; 1888, $10,236,277; 1889, $10,620,630; 1890, $11,200,00[illegible]; 1891, $11,648,826.

FRANCE FLOOD BOUND

Fears Entertained Loss of Life Will Be Great.

Paris, Oct. 10.—Continuous heavy rains have caused serious floods throughout France. Much damage has been done.

Fears are entertained that the casualty list will be large. Houses have been swept away, railroad trains derailed and traffic interrupted, and in some sections the last of the crops have been destroyed.

At Avignon the Rhone has risen 20 feet already and is still rising. The flood has carried away everything in its path. At Pouzzin a hotel and a silk mill situated near the river bank collapsed, killing five persons.

Reports received from St. Etienne say that the valley of the Loire is one vast lake. The flood is the worst since 1846. A number of buildings at St. Etienne have collapsed. Many villages have been hastily abandoned by their inhabitants. At Lepuy three persons were drowned. Many factories have been inundated.

Advices from Montpelier declare that the Tarn is over its banks and the Plain of Herult again is under water. A tempest of wind and rain has destroyed all the crops. In this locality many houses were unroofed.

FLOOD LOSS IS HEAVY

Water in Spanish Village Streets 15 Feet Deep.

Barcelona, Spain, Oct. 14.—The losses due to the latest floods in the valley of Llobregat will amount to several million pesetas. The craps which are still standing have been so badly damaged that they are regarded as lost, many factories have been ruined, the railroad tracks in many places have been washed away, and the water in the streets of some of the villages was twelve to fifteen feet deep, but is now falling. The governor of Barcelona is sending assistance to the sufferers from the flood.

Whole Plain Covered.

Perpignan, France, Oct. 14.—The whole of the plain of Salanque is submerged by the flooding of the river Tet and its tributary streams. The losses include the destruction of crops and are heavy, but there is no loss of life reported.

NEW AUTO TYPEWRITER

New Invention Is Capable of 10,000 Words an Hour.

New York, Oct. 14.—Typewriter girls may find their occupation gone if what is said of a new invention turns out to be true.

It is exhibited at the business show now in progress in Madison Square garden and is an automatic typewriter run by compressed air and capable, it is said, of writing from 5,000 to 10,000 words an hour for twenty-four hours at a stretch. The inventor is A. McCall, of Columbus, O.

GOES TO COLLEGE AT 57.

Washington, Pa., Oct. 12.—Peter Murray, of Buena Vista, at the age of 57, has gone to college.

He is a student at Jefferson Academy, Canorsburg, and the teachers say he is one of their most diligent pupils.

In his youth Murray had to work for a living and sacrifice his schooling. He has accumulated money till his large business interests, he says, demand that he be better educated.

DRIVEN OUT BY FLAMES

Were Hundreds of New York Tenement Dwellers.

New York, Oct. 12.—Fire of unknown origin, against which firemen from thirteen engine companies battled, early today destroyed a six-story brick factory buildin[illegible] at 176-180 Grand street, causing a loss estimated at over $200,000.

Hundreds of families were driven from surrounding tenements in a pouring rain and were not permitted to return to their homes until after 6 a. m., when the firemen finally succeeded in getting the flames under control. Several firemen were overcome by smoke and a watchman who had lost his way in the smoke was rescued from the third floor by the police.

LUSITANIA'S NEW RECORD

Wins Honor for Day's Run, Making 608 Miles.

On Board the Lusitania, Oct. 8, via Cape Race, N. F., and North Sydney, N. S., Oct. 9.—The steamship Lusitania, from Queenstown, October 6, for New York, at noon today, October 8, was in latitude 48.38 N. and longitude 40.10 W., having run 608 miles, beating all records for a single day's steaming. The average speed was 24.32 knots for the first twelve hours, with a beam swell and light airs prevailing. For the second twelve hours a fresh northwest wind was encountered, with a beam sea. The length of the nautical day was 25 hours and 23 seconds.

At 9 o'clock last night the Lusitania was in latitude 47 N. and longitude 45.20 W., and is going at the rate of 25 knots an hour. The weather is clear and the sea smooth.

The Lusitania, up to 9 o'clock last night had apparently covered a distance of about 1,470 miles from Queenstown. She still had about 1,312 miles more to cover the distance to Sandy Hook lightship. If the Lusitania maintains an average speed of 25 knots from that time on she will reach the lightship at about 1:30 p. m. Friday. This would make the time of her passage about four days and twenty hours, at an average speed for the entire voyage of about twenty-four knots.

JOHN D. GIVES $600,000

Will Be Used to Erect Harper Memorial Library.

Chicago, Oct. 12.—John D. Rockefeller yesterday gave the University of Chicago $600,000 to erect the memorial library that the university will dedicate to William Rainey Harper, first president of the institution. The gift makes Mr. Rockefeller's total donation now aggregate $28,000,000. Girard college, said to be the second wealthiest school in the United States, with $21,459,027; Leland Stanford Junior University third, $20,000,000; Harvard, fourth, $18,368,025; Columbia fifth, $15,646,370. Work on the Harper library will begin next spring.

NOTED GUIDE IS INSANE

Hurried Roosevelt to Station When McKinley Was Shot.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Oct. 10.—Michael Cronin, one of the President's Adirondack guides, has been adjudged insane and brought to the state hospital here.

It was Cronin who drove with Vice President Roosevelt sixteen miles through the woods of the lower Adirondacks to the nearest railroad station in 1901, when a courier brought him the news of McKinley's assassination. They made the sixteen miles in one hour and forty-three minutes.

Find House With 1,200 Rooms

Denver, Oct. 12.—The researches of the large body of workers sent out by the American Archaelogical Institute, Washington, D. C., have been closed for the season, and the five expeditions engaged on the excavations are now returning to the east. Edgar L. Dewett, director of the work, who stopped here for a day on his journey back to Washington, had this to say:

"The principal expeditions have been those on the Mesa Verde National park, Colorado; on the McElmo canyon and its tributaries near the Colordo-Utah line in southern Utah; from Colorado to the Grand Canon, at the great ruins of Puye on the Pajarito park New Mexico, and in the moundbuilders' ruins in Missouri.

"The work in Colorado and Utah has been full of surprises. We find ruins all the way from Mancos to the Grand Canon of the Colorado. Those of the Mesa Verde National park are the most spectacular of all, but they hardly exceed in interest those of the McElmo and its tributaries. In southern Utah also we find a wonderful archaelogical district. To the charm of the ancient ruins is added that of scenery scarcely equaled in the world.

"The principal excavations made by the institute this year were at the great ruins of Puye, twenty-five miles northwest of Santa Fe. Here were excavated 120 rooms in a building containing 680 rooms on the ground floor. The building was originally four stories high and contained about 1,200 rooms. As a result of these excavations about 300 specimens of pottery, stone, bone and wood implements, fabrics, basketry and so on were secured for the museum of the institute."

BLAMES UNITED STATES FOR WAR TALK

Count Okuma Says Japs Are Astounded at Utterances of the American Newspapers.

Tokio, Oct. 14.—Count Okuma, who in the first stages of the immigration troubles in America strongly disapproved of the government's Pacific attitude, now practically admits that the radical utterances of both sides were largely prompted by politics.

In an interview Count Okuma said that Americans misunderstand the Japanese, who are astounded at the utterances of American newspapers. Reports of the possibility of war, he said, have always emanated from the United States and very naturally are copied by the newspapers of Japan. While he believes that the American are over-sensitive on the subject of Japanese immigration he holds the opinion that the whole discussion is largely due to the fact that the United States is to have a presedential campaign next year.

It is not likely that the immigration question will be seriously discussed. The Japanese government believes that the entire question will be solved by the present discouragement and the strict observance of the laws.

BOOZERS' PHOTOS DECORATE SALOONS

Chicago Thirst Parlors to Have Drunkards' Galleries to Avoid Collision With the Law.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14.—Photographs of habitual drunkards soon will be arranged in artistic array in South Chicago saloons.

The new decorative effect for mirrors and back bar will include both present and prospective patrons who drink more than they should. The penalty of being listed in the art collection will be a long, unquenchable and futile thirst for the original, for nobody so noticed can buy, no matter how much price he has.

The pictures will be distributed by the Hyde Park Liquor Dealers' association, of which all the saloon owners are members, and which adopted the plan last week.

The new plan was caused by the heavy fines inflicted on saloonkeepers and the prosecution of several successful suits against dealers who had sold drinks to habitual drunkards. Their pleas that the men were unknown to them were unavailing.

Hereafter any wife or other relative requesting that no drinks be sold to a man will be requested to bring in a photograph of the bibulous one. Copies

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To Prove It, I Send a Trial Package Free by Mail.

Remember, Foso grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff; insures a luxuriant growth of eyebrows and eyelashes, and changes gray or faded hair to its natural color. I don't ask you to take my word for it. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

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Give full address—write plainly.

CROWD ATTACKS JAPS

Intoxicated Logger Cause of a Serious Riot.

While Fighting Was in Progress He Peacefully Slept in Wrecked Laundry.

San Francisco, Oct. 15.—As a result of an attack on a Japanese laundry Sunday night the proprietor and one of his employes are in the Emergency hospital, many whites are nursing bruises caused by the clubs of the police and the exterior of the laundry is a wreck.

The trouble was occasioned by Joseph King, an intoxicated logger, who crashed in the window of the laundry conducted by the Umkekubo, at 422 Fell street. The proprietor and Omura, an employe, rushed out and dragged King into a rear room, where he was placed in charge of a young Japanese, who stood guard, armed with a section of gaspipe, while the other Japanese hurried to summon the police to arrest King.

Three intoxicated companions of King witnessed the incident and they planned to rescue their friend. Other whites were called in and there followed a combined attack on the laundry. The streets were soon filled by a large crowd and a dozen Japanese on the inside sought to repel the invaders.

Policeman Thomas Collier attacked the crowd, single-handed. Another officer soon arrived in an automobile and a riot call brought strong reinforcements. The police charged the crowd with clubs and many persons were hit. Umkekubo and Omura were conveyed to the hospital, where it was found that the former was cut about the head, while Omura sustained a fracture of the shoulder.

King was found asleep in the rear room, innocent of the trouble he had caused. Attorney Walker, of the Japanese Society of America, is procuring evidence about the affair.

HARRIMAN-FISH CONTEST

Both Sides Line Up for Great Legal Battle.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—E. H. Harriman arrived today to take an active part in the fight for the control of the Illinois Central.

Today the chief interest in the struggle centered in Judge Ball's court, where both sides lined up to fight for and against the temporary injunction issued yesterday, in response to the request of Mr. Fish, by which 286,731 shares of stock were, for the time being, withdrawn from the Harriman voting strength.

Mr. Fish was in the courtroom in person, attended by his attorneys, Messrs. Lemau, Culver and Farrar, while William Nelson Cromwell, of New York, prepared to lead the fight against the injunction, in behalf of Mr. Harriman.

The Defendants.

The writ was directed against the Union Pacific Railroad Company, the Railroad Securities Company of New Jersey, and the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, which, combined, hold the above shares of stock.

In addition to the temporary injunction sought, a final decree was asked declaring that the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the Railroad Securities Company have no power, under the laws of Illinois, to own stock in the Illinois Central. It was also asked that these companies be directed to sell their stock in the Illinois Central within a reasonable time.

The petition charges an unlawful scheme of the Union Pacific Railroad company to control the commerce of the United States by buying large blocks of stock in the principal transportation companies.

It sets forth the names of corporations whose stock, it is claimed, the Union Pacific has bought, among them the Chicago & Alton, Illinois Central, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. It charges that these four companies own and operate parallel and competing lines, both in and outside of the state of Illinois, and that it is unlawful for the Union Pacific company to own and vote stock in such parallel and competing lines.

Alleges Concealment.

It is also charged that the acquisition of the stock of the Illinois Central by the Union Pacific, which took place in July, 1906, was concealed from the public and the stockholders of the Illinois Central and was first brought to light by the investigations of the interstate commerce commission.

It is further charged that the Union Pacific violated its charter in buying the stock of the Railroads Securities company of New Jersey, which held as its only asset 95,000 shares of Illinois Central stock.

BOY KILLS HIS MOTHER

Says He Was Defending Her Against a Burglar.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 15.—George Smiley, aged 17 years, shot and killed his mother, Mrs. Lizzie Scholfer, aged 42, early today.

In a statement to the police officers, Smiley says he shot his mother in defending her against a burglar.

He is being held pending investigation.

Mrs. Scholfer had been separated from her second husband, and the boy and his mother lived alone in the southern part of the city. After the shooting Smiley gave the alarm to the neighbors and, although search was promptly made for the burglar, no trace of him could be found.

TOWN WRECKED BY POWDER MILL EXPLOSION THAT KILLED A SCORE

Dupont Works at Fontanet, Ind., Destroyed.

Shock Felt for Hundreds of Miles in Several States—Seven Hundred Survivors Homeless.

Brazil, Ind., Oct. 15.—From 25 to 30 persons dead and dying, one hundred injured, and every house in Fontanet destroyed, rendering seven hundred residents homeless, is the result of the explosion of the mills of the Dupont Powder company, near Fontanet, at 9:15 o'clock this morning.

Fontanet is a mining town situated on the Big Four railroad 16 miles east of Terre Haute and 65 miles west of Indianapolis.

The first explosion occurred in the glazing mill of the plant at 9:15. Quickly following the other mills blew up, there being three distinct concussions at intervals of a few minutes.

In the mills at the time were from 75 to 80 men at work. When the glazing mill exploded, the men ran for their lives from the other mills and many thus escaped death, but received serious injuries.

At the first explosion the inhabitants of the town ran from the buildings and thus saved themselves. No one was killed in the town, although there is not a building left standing.

At 10:45, ninety minutes after the first explosion, the heat from the burning mills exploded the great powder magazine situated in a hollow several hundred yards from the mill. It contained many thousand kegs of pawder, and the concussion was even greater than those from the explosions of the mills. Among those injured from the magazine explosion are several physicians who were at work among the dead and dying. A freight train standing on the switch leading to the powder mills was partly destroyed by the concussion and caught fire.

The heat rom the burning mills and freight train was so great that it was impossible to remove many of the bodies from the wreckage. Eighteen mangled bodies were taken to the morgue to await identification.

The injured were found scattered everywhere and were collected and relief given as rapidly as possible.

Fronts, roofs, sides, and even foundations of many buildings were blown to atoms. Great holes were torn in the ground, fences vanished and household goods from the ruined houses were in heaps of debris in all directions.

The people of the town, who had rushed from their homes at the first explosion, were saved because of this. It was the shock from the exploding magazine that wrecked the buildings in the town.

The first man taken from the wreck of the mills was "Doc" Carroll, an employe of the mill. He was frightfully burned, but was still alive, and begged for someone to shoot him and put him out of his misery. He lived only a few minutes.

Two other employes were found near Carroll. They were Ves Dial and his son. Both were dead. Will Dalton was found unconscious, his body badly mangled. He cannot live. Charles Wells, engineer of the freight train, was badly injured. He was burned and his leg is fractured.

A brick school building, a quarter mile from the mills, was wrecked, and many of the children inside were injured, some seriously, but none fatally. A farmhouse, three-quarters of a mile away, was totally destroyed.

The Big Four railroad ran a special train to the scene of the accident with physicians, and the injured were brought to the hospitals in this city.

Superintendent Monahan, of the powder mill, is missing, and is supposed to be in the debris.

A state of panic prevails among the residents of the surrounding country.

The telegraph and telephone wires are down. Many automobile parties left this city with physicians and relief supplies.

MISTAKEN FOR EARTHQUAKE

Shock of Powder Mill Explosion Is Felt Hundreds of Miles.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 15.—Early telegrams, received directly after the blowing up of the powder mills at Fontanet this morning, give an idea of the enormous shock the explosion caused. It reached for hundreds of miles over the lower part of Indiana and Ohio, and even into the upper part of Kentucky, and was mistaken for an earthquake. The shock of the first explosion was not only felt in this city, but the explosion was heard, although it was miles away.

At Crawfordsville, 35 miles from Fontanet, the shock cracked a brick wall and sank tiling in a floor one inch. All telephone connection with Fontanet, was lost, and many persons left Terre Haute and Brazil in automobiles to learn the details and to take physicians.

OVER ICE TO THE POLE

Dr. Cook Now at Etah Ready for His Dash.

Will Cross Open Water in Canvas Boats—To Follow Peary's Route.

Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 15.—The former fishing schooner John R. Bradley, which took Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Brooklyn explorer, to Etah, from whence he is to make a dash for the pole, is at anchor in the harbor here.

Captain Moses Bartlett, her commander, who was with Peary in the Roosevelt, says Dr. Cook accompanied John R. Bradley, the owner of the schooner, ostensibly upon a hunting trip and until their arrival at Etah he had not announced his intention of trying for the pole to anyone. He took only one man from the Bradley, Rudolph Frankron, a cook.

His plan is to stay at Etah until December or until the ice pack becomes well hardened, then dash along the pack. When open water is met he will cross it in two canvas boats. Captain Bartlett says that had Peary these boats he would have succeeded in his attempt.

Dr. Cook will take but a few Esquimaux and dogs and will relay them in stations all the way. He will take substantially the same route as Peary. It was found that the Esquimaux had rifled Peary's food caches and even overturned his boats. Mr. Bradley left Dr. Cook a supply of food for eighteen months.

FRANCIS JOSEPH WORSE

As Result of Passing of Detroit United Dividend.

Montreal Market Demoralized When the Stock Dropped From 50 to 28½.

Montreal, Oct. 15.—The stock market is in a panic today as the result of the passing of the quarterly dividend of the Detroit United Railways.

This stock is very largely held here. From 50 at the close of the market yesterday to 40 at the top at the opening today was the first drop, and later it dropped to 28½. Toledo dropped to 10, and the whole market was badly affected.

A good-sized fraction of the total common stock is held here, it having been bought after it had been boomed as a safe dividend earner. Widows and orphans in plenty are depending on the dividends of this stock for part of their sustenance.

The street is full of stories of people who have lost heavily by the slump. There was the greatest excitement all morning on the stock exchange.

Dominion Iron went off to 14½, Montreal Power to 82¾, Street Railway to 175, Nova Scotia Steel to 59¾, Rio to 35¼, Mexican to 40, Twin City to 86, Toronto 94½, and Dominion Coal to 42.

No Effect in Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 15.—Comparatively little Detroit United railway stock is held in this city, so that the passing of the dividend had little effect locally. The principal markets for Detroit United railway are Montreal, Toronto, New York and Cleveland. No announcement had been made here that the dividend was to be passed.

Why Dividend Was Passed.

New York, Oct. 15.—The reason given for the passing of the dividend on the stock of the Detroit United railway is that the company is making large expenditures for improvements, but cannot borrow funds for the purpose, thereby being forced to pay for such improvements out of the earnings.

SHORTER WORKING HOURS

And Summer Vacation Wanted by Textile Workers.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 15.—The thousands of mill operatives connected with the United Textile Workers of America were represented by about 100 delegates at the seventh annual convention of the Textile Workers, which opened here today.

Although practically all the delegates are united in their advocacy of shorter working hours, there is a division over the adoption of a daily or weekly standard of time. A movement also will be made to request a midsummer vacation for the operatives in all the mills for at least one week.

16 KILLED; MANY HURT

Passenger Train Leaves Track at Shrewsbury, England.

Six of the Dead Were Members of Train Crew—Rescuers Work in Storm.

Shrewsbury, England, Oct. 15.—A train made up of passenger coaches, bound from Scotland and the north of England, to Bristol, left the rails as it was entering the station here, at an early hour this morning.

Sixteen persons, including ten passengers, were killed, and many were injured.

The London and Northwestern railway, on which the train was running, curves sharply as it nears Shrewsbury, and there is a standing order that the engineers must not exceed a speed of ten miles an hour at that point.

Disregard of the order is believed to have been the cause of the accident.

The engine and all of the cars except the last one, left the rails and when the officials from the railroad station reached the spot the cars were a tangled mass of wreckage, beneath which were the bodies of the dead and the injured.

Fortunately, the wreck did not catch fire, and the doctors and salvage crew, who soon reached the scene, did not have this added danger to ,ght in the darkness and pouring rain which, however, retarded the work of rescue, and several hours elapsed before the last body was taken out.

The killed included the engineer and fireman and the guards and postal clerks, who were in the mail car immediately behind the tender of the engine.

BODIES ARE UNEARTHED

In Cemeteries by Serious Floods in Spain.

Five Persons Are Drowned and 30,000 Thrown Out of Work.

Barcelona, Oct. 15.—The floods in this vicinity continue to be most serious. Up to the present time five persons have been drowned and 30,000 thrown out of work. The greatest distress is reported from Manresa, the birthplace of St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus. This village has been terribly ravaged and the waters have washed out countless coffins and bodies from the local cemetery.

A house in Santander belonging to a brother of Premier Maura is flooded up to the second story. The family was forced to take refuge on the roof, whence they were rescued.

The Guadalmedina river is again out of its banks, and in this district several old people and children have been drowned.

PROSECUTING WITNESS FELL DEAD IN COURT.

Fitzgerald, Ga., Oct. 15.—While the case of the state against Hall, for burglary, was on trial yesterday in Judge Whipple's court, the prosecuting witness, James Green, was stricken with apoplexy and fell from the chair, dying almost instantly.

BIG MISSIONARY MOVEMENT

Will Be Started in Pittsburg at Meeting in March.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 15.—Plans were unfolded today at a union meeting of the ministers of the various denominations held at the Young Men's Christian association, for the largest missionary movement that has ever been made in Pittsburg. A convention will be held here March 10, 11 and 12, at which at least three thousand delegates from all parts of the country and from Canada will be present. This nmber is in addition to five hundred delegates who will be alowed to represent Pittsburg.

The plan is to be known as the "Young People's Missionary Movement," and its purpose is to encourage studying in missionary work at home and in foreign lands.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR SCANDAL DAMAGE

Should Be Placed With the Financiers Who Make Scandal Possible.

New York, Oct. 14.—Henry Clews in his financial review for the week says:

Confidence has received another rude shock through the amazing exposures resulting from the Metropolitan Securities investigation. It is now over two years since public disclosures of breach of trust in high financial circles began, followed by the collapse of the copper manipulation, and finally these later scandals connected with the local traction situation. Hence no confidence is seriously disturbed! And who is responsible? Messrs. Roosevelt and Hughes, who have been the instruments of exposure—or the individuals who conceived and conducted these operations and abused the trusts placed in their charge? Of course, the guilty protest against financial housecleaning. Of course, they endeavor to ward off official investigations on the plea that they distrub confidence. But responsibility for the latter should be placed distinctly where it belongs: upon the perpetrators of misdeeds and not upon those who are the means of turning on the light and preventing future operations of this sort. Those who have trifled contemptuously with public interest and displayed a blind disregard of stockholders' rights are the real culprits. It becomes daily more evident that when our corporations are honestly managed, the public and stockholders will get their dues, values will become more stable, and American credit which is now at such a low ebb in all the great financial centers of the world will be restored to its rightful status. Throughout all these disclosures there is one gleam of encouragement, and that is that public opinion is aroused and will insist upon clean, as well as capable management. Eventually, these disclosures will result in the raising of the standard of corporate management, but meanwhile the public is dazed by these scandalous revelations and wonders what next financial iniquity will be brought to light.

Stock market values were also unsettled by other influences. Monetary conditions are still very unsatisfactory. The demands for moving the crops and for general business are very large; the situation being materially aggravated by the high prices prevailing for nearly all commodities. The situation is rendered more acute by the fact that we cannot depend upon Europe for financial aid to anything like the degree which we have done for the last three or four years. Our credit abroad has not only been impaired by well known conditions, but we are less able to command that assistance than usual. Usually at this season there is an ample supply of grain and cotton bills in the market which can either be depended upon to bring gold this way if needed, or to extend our credit abroad. Exports of both wheat and cotton, however, are more or less restrained by high prices. It is probably true that eventually Europe will be compelled to take our wheat and cotton on a high basis, but the fact that foreign buyers at present are holding off is more or less detrimental o the local financial situation. The Bank of England reserve declined last week to 46½ per cent, and the Bank of France is also rumored to be figuring on drawing gold from this side. Were our banking ser-s in a position to stand any increased strain the situation would be more assuring, but surplus reserves are very low and their restoration will be difficult until crop funds begin to return from the interior, which at the earliest will not be before November first. It is possible that Secretary Cortelyou will be able to give the market further assistance in case of emergency, and his prudent course, of relieving pressure at points of necessity without unduly exhausting his sources of relief, is one that gives hope that further aid will be forthcoming if needed.

The situation abroad is still unsatisfactory. On the continent especially there seems to have been a very similar overdoing to that which has been experienced in the United States. Capital is practically as scarce over there as here; the principal difference being that the situation is not aggravated by the discreditable operations which have unfortunately occurred on this side. Local bankers are exceedingly conservative, showing a disposition to curtail credit and to be much more exacting as to collateral.

There is just one other element which tends to delay the restoration of confidence, and that is the growing conviction that the present year has witnessed a turning point in business, and that we are to face at least a moderate business and industrial reaction. Wall street has held to this opinion for some time past, but the conviction is now extending beyond, and naturally has a perceptible — though indirect— effect upon stock market values—chiefly the industrials. It is quite evident that any curtailment of manufacturing profits would quickly affect the common stocks of these properties; and since many of these still contain a large proportion of water, the shrinkage would naturally become more severe. This explains why bankers are discriminating more and more against this class of collateral.

The railroads are, of course, a much more substantial class of investment. They are not dependent upon a single industry for their support, as are many of the industrials, and what they may temporarily lose in one division of their traffic can be compensated for in others. It is a matter of easy demonstration that railroad traffic is a much more stable element in business than the sales or profits of any mercantile or industrial corporation. Of course, the net profits of our railroads are more or less threatened by the enormous increase in expenses, which puts them in a poor position to meet any contraction of traffic. Nevertheless, railroad securities have had an extraordinary decline; quite sufficient to allay any serious panic; and even should dividends be reduced many of them would ultimately prove profitable investments at present prices, although it need cause no surprise if they recede to still lower levels before the close of the year. The bond market continues in a very unsatisfactory condition. Here, too, are the possibilities of profitable investment with little danger from loss of revenue; but the general exhaustion of buying power is evident and shows that the country has not yet had the opportunity of accumulating a sufficient supply of new capital.

The outlook of the market is extremely uncertain. This is not a good time for buyers to get into debt, and conservatism is strongly urged in all stock market operations. For the present at least, I continue to advise my friends to try and keep what they have got instead of trying to make more through hazardous risks.

Fish Pool on Ocean Liner For Benefit of Epicures

New York, Oct. 15.—When the Amerika, of the Hamburg-American line, came in from Hamburg, Southampton and Cherbourg she brought the latest innovation in connection with the Ritz-Carlton restaurant on board, trout and carp kept alive throughout the voyage for the passengers who patronize that popular dining room on the ship.

Travelers with discriminating appetites can now journey to the boat deck and select from the tanks in which they are swimming about as happily as in their native haunts in Continental waters a wriggling speckled beauty or if a larger fish is wanted a meaty, toothsome carp.

When the liner goes back next week the tanks will be stocked with the products of American streams and ponds—trout, bass and several other seasonable varieties of fresh water fish. The tanks, four in number, are galvanized iron and set in racks on the boat deck. Each is about four feet in depth and three feet square. On the voyage just ended 700 pounds of carp and 250 pounds of trout were consumed.

Ernst Marguardt, of the Ritz company, in charge of the new fish supply, said that as only five days were consumed in installing the tanks they are not yet complete. There is an ingenious method of aeration of the water which practically renews its life 40 times each hour and oxygen goes in while the carbonic acid gas thrown off by the fish is removed.

Several of the diners in the restaurant went to the upper deck during the voyage to pick out their fish for breakfast, and the call of "Will you select your fish, sir?" will soon be as familiar as the ordinary routine questions of the ocean steward.

Declares Insanity May Be Cured by Surgeon's Knife

London, Oct. 15.—"Can Insanity Be Cured by Surgical Operation?" was the subject of a lecture delivered before the Incorporated British Phrenological society by Dr. Bernard Hollander, a well known physician for mental diseases, who early this year caused a sensation by the publication in the Lancet and other medical journals of a report of a successful cure of mental derangement by trephining.

Dr. Hollander created another sensation in the course of his lecture by describing the case of a boy, aged 16, who was a liar and a thief, but who, after the removal of a strip of bone from his skull, was restored to a state of perfect morality.

This boy had to be constantly watched to keep him from destroying things, from thrashing his fellow pupils and throwing stones. He told falsehoods and had a tendency to steal; he had no sense of decency and grew more dangerous the older he got until his deeds brought him before the police court.

Dr. Hollander proposed the removal of a strip of bone from the centre line of the head. This was carried out. An incision was made from the top of the head vertically down to each ear, when the tissues above the right ear revealed signs of an old injury. After several trepannings had been made the bone was cut away on the right side, where the membrane of the brain showed signs of an old hemorrhage.

After being treated antiseptically the wound was closed and healed successfully. The patient got gradually better and behaved properly, and not only did he lose his bad propensities, but showed high moral feeling.

Dr. Hollander is convinced by this experience that many sufferers might be rescued from living tombs to take their part again in the world's walk by a simple surgical operation.

To Begin Wireless Service Across Atlantic Thursday

North Glace Bay, N. S., Oct. 15.—William Marconi expects to open his wireless station here for the transmission of press dispatches between American and Europe Thursday. For the present the service will be limited to twelve hours daily, probably between 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

During the last few days it is stated messages have passed between the local station and the station at Clifden, Ireland, with regularity and accuracy. Today a considerable correspondence relating to the preparations for the inauguration of the commercial service passed between these stations. Wednesday will be given over to wireless rehearsals after which public business will be received.

"Crime Blindness" Latest Disease

Berlin, Oct. 15.—"Crime-blindness" is the newest disease of the eye and brain. Prof. Gidor Hauptman, a distinguished allenist and oculist, describes it in a learned paper just published.

Professor Hauptman is oculist to the police department, and he first discovered symptoms of the new affection while examining the eyes of certain detectives who have been dismissed from the service. After months of close study and of correspondence with savants and other honest men all over the world, Professor Hauptman asserts confidently that the disease is very widespread and is most prevalent in New York at the present time.

He says it attacks those sworn to uphold the laws and to punish criminals. It is the exact opposite to color-blindness, in which the sufferer cannot distinguish between green and blue, for example. In "crime-blindness" the patient retains a most actue power of distinguishing. When the criminal is poor "crime-blindness" never occurs, but the wealthier the malefactor the more severe its attack.

In fact, Professor Hauptman declares, some New York officials who should pursue certain immensely wealthy persons have not only become totally "crime-blind," but their hearing and speech are greatly impaired.

Professor Hauptman says that popular execration is the only cure he has found yet for this strange disease, and the execration has to be very loud and violent and administered in repeated doses. The professor finds that many men, or women, who are much in love have mild attacks of "crime-blindness," so that they cannot see the faults, and they excuse the peccadillos of those they love.

DENY MAGNATES' MEETING

Secret Conference of Traction Men Was Reported.

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—The story that P. A. B. Widener and Thomas Dolan of this city were in conference in East Orange, N. J., Sunday with other traction magnates whose names were involved in the sale of the Wall & Cortland Street Railway to the Metropolitan Securities company, was denied here last night.

George Widener stated positively that his father was not out of the house yesterday and did not make his usual Monday trip to New York because he is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. It was also stated that Mr. Dolan had not been away and probably will not go to New York as he is in poor health.

SENATOR'S WIFE DEAD.

Mobile, Ala., Oct. 12.—Mrs. Claudia Bodey Money, wife of the senior senator from Mississippi, H. D. Money, died suddenly at the Money residence on the gulf coast near Beauvoir, Miss., last night.

3,000 JAPS HAVE ARRIVED

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 14.—The secretary of state has received a telegram from Dr. Munro, the immigration agent at Vancouver, stating that the number of Japanese arriving at Vancouver with passports since January 1 was 3,000.

BELL'S HEALTH BROKEN

U. S. Army Chief Latest Patient at Muldoon's Farm.

Has Shown Improvement, However, and Is Now on Road to Recovery.

New York, Oct. 15.—Brig. Gen. J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff, U. S. A., whose name leads the army list, is the latest high Washington official to succumb to the strain of overwork and worry. For two weeks he has been an inmate of Muldoon's sanitarium at White Plains, occupying the room recently vacated by Secretary of State Root.

The utmost secrecy has been observed in official quarters as to the condition and whereabouts of General Bell, who was practically in a state of nervous collapse when taken to White Plains. As chief of staff under the spur of President's direct supervision, the general has worked unceasingly, so well informed persons declare. The inevitable breakdown followed and, remembering the success attained by Muldoon in Secretary Root's case, his friends hurried him to White Plains.

Improvement Noticed.

Muldoon admitted that General Bell was under his care.

"It is true also that he has been here with me for two weeks," he added, "and I am glad to be able to say that he is steadily improving."

From other sources it was learned that when General Bell arrived at Muldoon's farm he was barely able to stand as a result of unstrung nerves and physical weakness. One who saw him at that time states that the general's hands trembled so he was practically helpless, while his haggard face told a story of utter breakdown. His condition was so serious that Muldoon could not subject him to the heroic treatment administered to the majority of those at the farm.

For the general's unstrung nerves were treated with the greatest care. While others in Muldoon's care were riding horses, climbing hills, running on aching feet over miles of country road, and hurling the medicine bag, General Bell kept to his room.

For a time his case looked doubtful, so well informed persons declare, but the skill of Muldoon triumphed once again. Once the general's condition began to improve the progress became rapid. Three days ago found him sufficiently advanced toward recovery to begin light exercise with the medicine ball.

Still Far From Well.

Yesterday he was out with the regular walking squad and also in the saddle, looking like a new man. But General Bell is still far from well, and he will remain at Muldoon's until November 1.

It is said that the general largely owes his recovery to a constitution unimpaired by excesses of any sort. He is a teetotaler, never smokes tobacco, and has always lived the regular life of a hardened soldier. There is little doubt that otherwise even Muldoon's skill would have failed, so complete was the general's breakdown.

MRS. MORRIS IN AN ASYLUM

Woman Ejected From White House Found Insane.

St. Louis, Oct. 12.—Mrs. Minor Morris, whose ejectment from the White House a year and a half ago caused considerable discussion, was yesterday pronounced insane and committed to the state asylum at Farmington.

GEN. VON BUELOW DEAD

Potsdam, Germany, Oct. 12.—Gen. Adolf von Buelow, the imperial adjutant, died today of heart failure.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Oct. 15.—Buying on a large decrease in the visible supply was the chief support to the wheat market this morning. Liverpool opened ⅝d higher. The Minneapolis curb was slightly off. Trade was rather light. Cash wheat opened ¼c higher at 107c, later falling back to 106⅝c. December was also up ¼c in opening at 108c. The noon price showed a loss of ⅜c from the opening. Opening unchanged at 112¼c, May dropped to 112c before the noon hour. July at the opening was quoted at 103½c.

Wheat eased off under selling. The Bartlett people bought freely at 10:35, but did no bidding on a permanent rise. Bradstreet's world's available showed a much smaller increase than a year ago, but a larger quantity than last week. Liverpool closed ¼d to ⅜d higher. The Toledo closes were: Cash, 106¾c; December, 107¾c; May, 112⅛c; July, 103½c.

Corn opened unchanged at Liverpool. The visible supply showed an increase of a half million bushels, compared with a decrease somewhat greater than this amount last year. December dropped back to 63¼c after opening ¼c higher. Up ¼c at 64⅜c, May receded to 64¼c, the previous close, soon after the opening.

Corn was weaker under selling. Liverpool closed ½d to ⅝d up. There was an increase in the world's available supply according to Bradstreet's. The closes were: Cash, 67c; December, 64c; May, 64½c; July 64¼c.

Trade in oats was light and the prices practically unchanged. December and May were quoted at 55⅝c and 55c, respectively, the same as the previous closes.

There was a big increase in the world's available supply of oats. The closes follow: Cash, 57c; December.

A light demand and wet weather had a beneficial effect on clover seed. Cash and October opened unchanged at $10.75, the former gaining 5c during the morning. December and March were 5c higher at $10.15.

55¼c; May 57c; July, 52c.

The closing prices were unchanged from the opening.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Oct. 15.	Oct. 14.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.07	1.07½	....	1.06¾	1.06¾
Dec.	1.08	1.08½	1.07½	1.07⅞	1.07¾
May	1.12¾	1.12¾	1.11½	1.12⅛	1.12¼
July	1.03½	....	1.03¼	1.03½	....
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	67	67
Dec.	64	64½	63¾	64	63⅜
May	64¾	64⅝	64¼	64½	64¼
July	....	....	....	64¼	....
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	57	57¼
Dec.	55¾	....	....	55½	55⅝
May	57	....	56⅞	57	57
July	....	....	....	52	....
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.75	....	....	10.75	10.75
Oct.	10.75	....	....	10.75	10.70
Dec	10.15	....	....	10.15	10.10
March	10.15	....	....	10.15	10.10
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	92	92
No. 2	....	....	....	91	91
No. 3	....	....	....	87	87
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.30	2.25
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.75	9.75
Dec	....	....	....	9.85	9.85

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.05½	1.06½	1.05¼	1.05⅞	1.05¾
May	1.10⅝	1.11⅝	1.10⅜	1.11⅛	1.11⅛
July	1.01⅜	1.02¾	1.01⅜	1.02½	1.01⅝
Corn—					
Dec.	63¼	64	63	63¼	63¼
May	63⅞	64⅝	63⅝	64¼	64
July	63⅝	64⅜	63⅛	63⅝	63⅝
Oct.	....	....	....	65½	65¼
Oats—					
Dec.	55¼	55⅝	54⅞	55⅛	55½
May	57⅛	57½	56⅞	57	57⅛
July	51	51⅛	50⅜	50⅝	50⅜

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.17⅛	1.17½
Corn—					
Dec.	....	....	....	76⅜	76⅜
May	....	....	....	72⅝	72⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.03⅜	1.03⅜
May	....	....	....	1.10	1.10

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	16.12	16.20	....	15.97	16.20
May	16.50	16.55	....	16.35	16.57
Lard—					
Nov	9.30	9.35	....	9.25	9.35
Jan	9.15	....	....	9.12	9.17
May	9.35	....	9.27	9.30	9.40
Ribs—					
Oct	....	....	....	8.10	8.12
Jan	8.27	8.32	....	8.27	8.22
May	8.57	....	....	8.52	8.47

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Oct. 15.—Hog prices were lower. Other markets had an over-supply and the feeling was decidedly weak. Trade ruled slow and heavyweights met with most favor.

Cattle receipts were light and the market steady. Sheep and lambs were steady, the best lambs bringing $6.50@7.00 and good sheep $4.00@5.00. Veal calves were lower, the best bringing $7.50@8.00.

Western hog receipts: Chicago 16,000, estimated 17,000; market steady; Kansas City, 14,000; Omaha, 5,000.

Toledo live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.80@6.85; mediums, $6.85; yorkers, $6.75@6.80; pigs; $6.00@6.15; stags and roughs, $3.50@6.00; good mixed, $6.75@6.80; bulk of sales, $6.80.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,400 lbs. and up, $6.75@6.00; good to choice, $5.50@5.85; good fats, 1,050 and 1,250 lbs., $5.25@5.50; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $4.75@5.25; common to light steers, $3.75@4.50; choice fat cows, $8.35@4.00; fair to good cows, $3.00@3.25; common cows, $1.50@2.75; tanners and cutters, $1.50@2.25; prime export bulls, $3.50@4.00; good butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; fair to good bologmas, $2.50@3.50; common, $2.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $2.85@4.50; good to choice feeders, $4.75@5.00; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.75; stockers, common to fair, $3.25@3.85; milkers and springers, by head, $25@50.

Calves—Choice to extra, $8.00@8.50; fair to good, $6.50@8.00; common to light, $5.00@6.00; heavy and fed, $3.50@5.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.50@5.75; good to choice mixed sheep, $4.00@5.25; fair to good ewes, $4.50@5.25; culls and common, $2.25@3.50; yearlings, $5.25@5.75; spring lambs, $5.(@7.25.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 15.—(Swope's Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 15 cars; slow. Hogs, 4 cars; lower; heavy, $6.90@7.00; medium, $6.75@7.00; Yorkers, $6.70@6.90; pigs, $6.00@6.15. Sheep, 20 cars; slow; best lambs, $7.25; yearlings, $5.75@6.00; wethers, $5.50@5.75; ewes, $4.75@5.25. Veals, $4.00@8.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 15.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's special to The Blade). Hogs, receipts, 5 loads; heavies, medium heavy and Yorkers, $7.10@7.15; light Yorkers, $6.60@6.85; pigs, $6.00@6.25. Sheep, $4.50@5.60; lambs, $4.50@7.00; calves, $5.00@8.25.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, O., Oct. 15.—(Bower & Bower's special to The Blade)—Hogs, receipts, 30 cars; market lower; heavies, $6.90; Yorkers, $6.80; pigs, 6c, closing steady. Best lambs, 7c; calves and cattle steady.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Cattle—Receipts, about 12,000; market steady; beeves, $3.90@7.30; cows, $1.50@5.30; Texans, $3.75@4.75; calves, $5.50@8.25; western-fed steers, $4.00@6.00; stockers and feeders, $2.50@4.75. Hogs—Receipts, about 16,000; market 5c lower; light, $6.15@6.75; mixed, $6.15@6.80; heavy, $6.00@6.75; rough, $6.00@6.25; pigs, $5.25@6.35; bulk of sales, $6.35@6.60. Sheep—Receipts, about 30,000; market steady; native, $3.00@5.00; western, $3.00@5.00; yearlings, $5.35@6.00; lambs, $4.75@7.35; western, $4.75@7.35.

Cotton.

New York, Oct. 15.—The cotton market opened easy at a decline of 5 to 13 points and sold off to a net loss of 15 to 17 points during the early session under liquidation and a renewal of bear pressure which was encouraged by slightly easier cables, the western cut in cotton goods, and indications that the cold weather was passing out of the cotton belt without causing further material damage. Trading was fairly active, and it looked as though some of the larger houses were liquidating their long cotton. The market was at practically the low point during the middle of the morning, and the undertone was barely steady.

The market was weak late in the forenoon, under continued bear pressure and liquidation due to the forecast for warmer weather and apprehension of weakness in southern spot markets. Prices at midday showed a net loss of 22@26 points. Spot quiet; middling uplands, 11.55c; middling gulf, 12.10c.

Estimated receipts at the ports today, 60,000 males, against 53,487 last week and 88,050 last year; for the week, 290,000 bales, against 239,771 last week and 370,977 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans